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ROWS IN CONGRESS

By Thomas B. Reed

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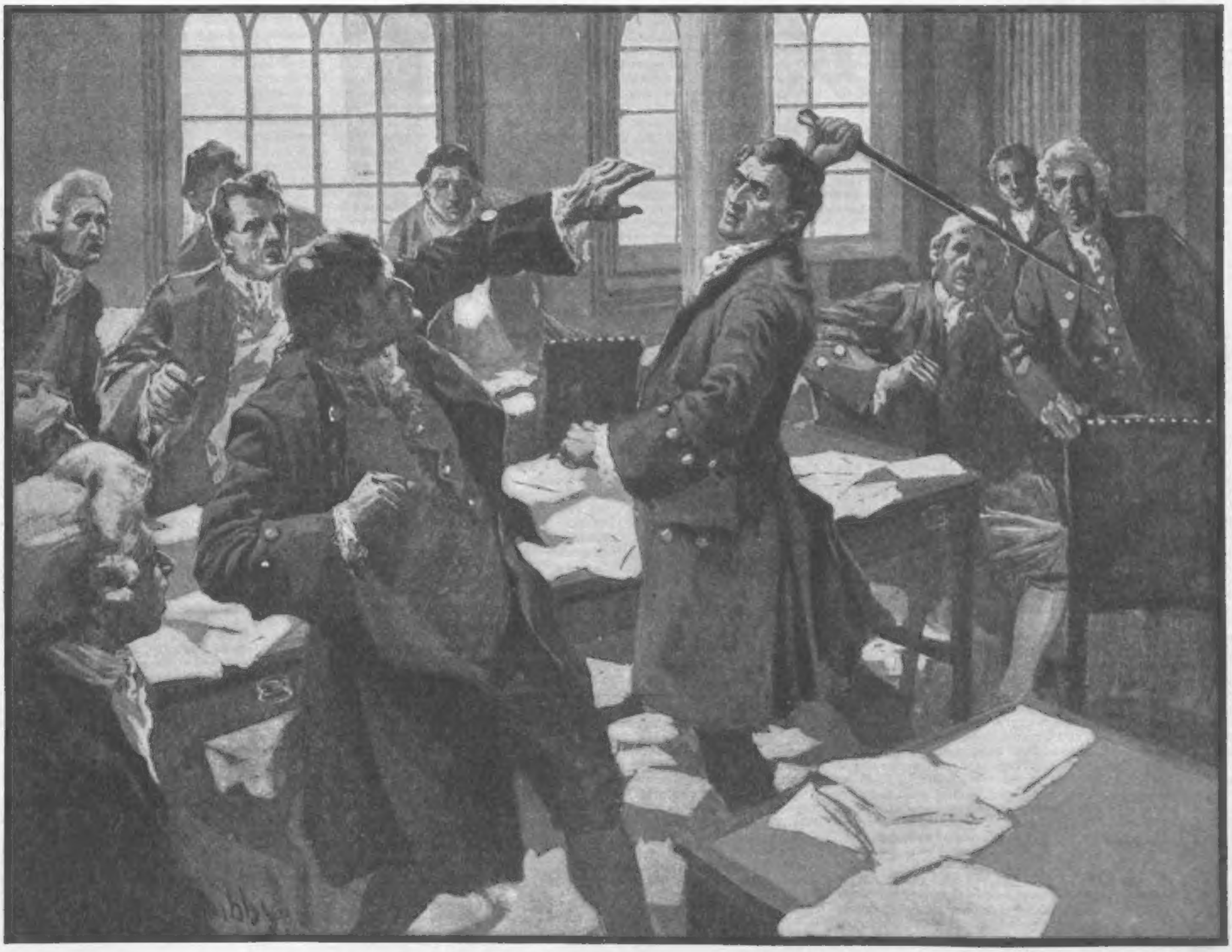


ROWS IN CONGRESS

By Thomas B. Reed

Drawings by F. L. FITHIAN

AWAY back in 1792, more than a hundred years ago, Jeremiah Smith, afterward Chief Justice of the State of New Hampshire, after his first week in the House of Representatives, recorded the wise conclusion to which he had come that "this august assembly is composed of men subject to like passions as we." A hundred years of advancing civilization has probably in no degree disturbed the wisdom of that conclusion. The Judge was moved to make this entry in his diary from the sincere feeling that it ought to have been otherwise. Of course one man in a free country is the equal of every other man in certain ways, in his rights in the fashion in which he should be treated in all intercourse with others. Nevertheless, it has always been recognized that there are fagots and fagots, men and men. The Representatives in Congress are picked men. Only one in our day can be chosen from among thirty or forty thousand. Each is conspicuous in his own community for something. That something, however, may not be shining virtue or great intellect. It may be riches, or conspicuous talent for political manœuvre, or a combination of opportunity and desert. But on the whole, the man who comes there is distinguished in the community in which he lives for something which suits that community. It is natural, then, to expect that the members of such a body should be above any actions which ought to draw down upon them the censure of the nation. Nevertheless, it is a fact that, notwithstanding all that education has thus far done, all that intellect has been capable of achieving, both together have not been able to eradicate the animal from even those animals created in the image of their Maker.

OUTBREAKS IN CONGRESS TO BE EXPECTED

The outbreaks in Congress are, therefore, perfectly natural, however much they are to be deprecated. This is not written to cause any less reproach to be cast on those by whom offenses come, but only to repeat that offenses must come. If you have three or four hundred men together on a hot day, with fierce political feeling, and a large number of them do not know which way to vote, and are much afflicted by imaginary disasters which may follow voting either way, you have the basis for a bad time and for unmitigated and unsparing headlines in the next day's newspapers. These headlines are not always fair and are not always just. In narration, these objectionable actions are so described that they seem to be all that was done that day, and to have taken all the time. In fact, in most cases they are over in a few moments, and the really cool looker-on who remembers what Judge Smith discovered, that even statesmen are of like passions with ourselves, will find himself surprised, not that the trouble has occurred, but that it was so soon over with, so little real damage done. Men soon remember where they are, and soon realize that the fierce light of publicity is beating upon them. No assembly, however, is free from the possibility of personal encounters in troublesome times. There seems to be in a collection of men a spirit which does not exist in the separate man. Mobs sometimes do things which no man in the mob ever really meant to do. The disorders, however, of which I am writing are seldom of this kind. They are usually personal encounters, or more often attempts at personal encounters modified by the interference of friends. The assemblies of some nations are more prone to these scenes than others, but none of them escapes entirely. The Latin races are more effervescent than our own, and their popular bodies sometimes seem to be in permanent eruption until the President, endowed for that reason with the power, puts on his hat and at once adjourns the tumult and the Chamber. Though the Englishman scorns the emotional behavior of his Gallic neighbor, he had to submit not long ago to the reproach that his own decorous House of Commons had delivered itself over to anarchy and contempt of the Speaker's power. In the earlier days a certain amount of license was allowed, and a man who addressed the unwilling House, or attempted to address it, was unmercifully obliterated by noise and tumult. With us, I believe, even the bore has always been held sacred lest we should lose the right of free speech in our struggles for relief from tiresome talk. One of the best-read novels of the last generation, Ten Thousand a Year, contains a good description of the disorders of Parliament after the Reform Bill of 1830 was passed.

—trying to stop the fight

THE AFFAIR BETWEEN LYON AND GRISWOLD

Had Mr. Chief Justice Smith stayed in Congress but a few months longer than he did he would have witnessed two of the earliest, if not the first two, outbreaks of passion of a kind which perhaps he did not have in his mind. The two affairs between Mr. Lyon, of Vermont, and Mr. Griswold, of Connecticut, took place in January and February, 1798, under the Speakership of Mr. Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey. After the House had determined to impeach William Blount, the members met on the thirtieth of January to choose the managers of the impeachment. The counting of the ballots took two hours, and during that time, though the House was technically sitting, the Speaker left the chair, a proceeding not to be thought of in these days, and took the seat of a member on the floor. Behind him were Matthew Lyon and other members, and Lyon, who was from Vermont, was stating his opinion of Connecticut members and Connecticut politics with freedom and some loudness of voice.

Griswold stiffened his arm to strike

He could, he said among other things, go to that State and fight the present occupants and drive them out.

Thereupon, as Lyon had been cashiered during the war, Mr. Griswold said, "Would you use your wooden sword?" To this Lyon paid no attention, and after more conversation Griswold repeated the allusion to the wooden sword, and Lyon spat in his face.

Griswold stiffened his arm to strike, remembered where he was, and coolly wiped his face.

After the count of the vote for managers and debate on it were over, Mr. Samuel Sewall, of Massachusetts, called for a secret session of the House and presented the case. The House promptly voted that no secrecy was required, and Mr. Sewall presented in open House a resolution for the expulsion of Lyon. This resolution was sent to a committee and testimony taken, but when the committee reported that the resolution ought to pass, further examination of witnesses was ordered before a Committee of the Whole, and after much debate the resolution for expulsion received fifty-two votes to forty-four, which, as the Constitution requires a two-thirds vote for expulsion, was not enough, and so Mr. Lyon went free. Among those who voted "No" were Joseph B. Varnum, afterward Speaker, and Albert Gallatin, afterward Secretary of the Treasury.

A MEMBER CANED ON THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE

With the result Mr. Griswold does not seem to have been entirely satisfied, for on the fifteenth day of February, three days after the decision, about a quarter past eleven o'clock, after prayers, while the Speaker was in his chair but before the House had been called to order or the Journal read, Mr. Griswold came in, and seeing Mr. Lyon at his seat, writing, advanced toward him, "with a pretty strong walking-stick with which," says the contemporary chronicle, "he immediately began to beat him with great violence."

Lyon endeavored to lay hold of Griswold, but in vain, for he was met by a shower of blows. He then got behind the Speaker's chair, seized the tongs at the fireplace, and leveled a blow at Griswold's head which, however, was parried. The House was called to order, but before that could be accomplished the combatants came together again, but were restrained by others. The House was so disturbed that it did nothing about the encounter that day, adjourning at one o'clock quite unfit for duty.

The next day Mr. Dana, of Kentucky, proposed a resolution expelling both Griswold and Lyon. A committee took testimony and reported against the resolution, which report the House sustained seventy-three to twenty-one—about four to one. So both gentlemen went unpunished in the good days of our forefathers when John Adams was President and Thomas Jefferson was Vice-President. You will not find it in the debates, but the rough judgment was that both men were served about right, and the dignity of the House must help itself some other way. Party feeling was doubtless in it, and justice in a popular assembly is not the justice administered in courts.

JOHN BELL'S HOT-BLOODED ACT

Most of us can remember John Bell, of Tennessee, who was a candidate for the Presidency, a gentleman whose standing was so beyond criticism or reproach that when Edward Everett's name was coupled with his the ticket was eminent for its respectability. Yet Mr. John Bell figured in one of these dreadful scenes in the House where hot blood and provocation got the better of training and manners. It was on the first day of June, 1838, that Mr. Turney, in Committee of the Whole, concluded his remarks on an amendment to the Indian Appropriation bill in reply to Mr. Bell. What he said is probably concealed in the Appendix, where even Webster and Clay often repose. The Globe says he commented upon Mr. Bell and his political career with great severity. Naturally when Mr. Bell arose he was in a pleasing frame of mind, and closed his first paragraph, which had none of it been mild, with the statement that he "did not think his colleague (Mr. Turney) was actuated by private malice, but was the willing, voluntary instrument of others, the tool of tools.

Each rushed at the other

Such a thing as that would not be pleasant anywhere. To declare that even a man's malice is not his own, to declare him not only a tool, but a tool of tools, would make trouble even in private conversation; but when you surround it with two hundred men on the floor and more in the gallery, it was small wonder that Mr. Turney shouted, "It is false; it is false," and smaller wonder still that both gentlemen "were perceived in personal conflict." They were there so earnestly that even the Speaker could hardly quell them.

Of course there was plenty of confusion, one man calling out this, another that, some demanding order and some calling on the Speaker, and still others trying to stop the fight by holding the combatants, who kept struggling to return to their fisticuffs. Later in the day both gentlemen apologized to the House and "made their submissions."

They were not pleasant days, those early days of the Republic. Men were not nice in their treatment of each other. When Reuben M. Whitney was before a Committee of Investigation in 1837, Mr. Baillie Peyton, of Tennessee, one of the committee, taking offense at one of his answers, threatened him fiercely, and when he rose to claim the protection of the committee, Mr. Peyton, with due and appropriate profanity, shouted, "You sha'n't say one word while you are in this room; if you do I will put you to death."

The Chairman, Mr. Henry A. Wise, added, "Yes; this insolence is insufferable."

As both these gentlemen were armed with deadly weapons the witness could hardly be blamed for not wanting to testify before the committee again.

THE STORMY CAREER OF JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS

The next year after this episode began the stormy career of Joshua R. Giddings, which lasted until his death. In 1842 he introduced some resolutions on the occurrences which grew out of the voyage of the brig Creole and involved Mr. Giddings' views in regard to slavery. These resolutions, presented in the state of feeling which existed, gave rise to great agitation. A motion to lay on the table was lost, the previous question was ordered, and then Mr. Giddings withdrew his resolutions. Then a resolution of censure was presented, and after much parliamentary wrangling, was passed without Mr. Giddings being allowed the chance to be heard. He immediately resigned, went back to his people, and was reelected in great triumph. He was not again disturbed in that way, but was in many other ways annoyed and buffeted. Once Mr. Black, of Georgia, "was observed," to use the quaint language of the reporter, "rushing into the bar toward Mr. Giddings with a cane upraised, but was seized and withheld" by several Southern gentlemen, and Mr. Giddings himself, somewhere in one of his speeches in the House, tells of a pistol pointed at him by some member enraged at the biting language of which Mr. Giddings was easily master.

—kept struggling to return to their fisticuffs

In 1845 Mr. Churchwell and General Cullum, both from Tennessee, were authors of great disorder. Mr. Churchwell had pronounced some language printed by the other gentleman to be "infamously false." Each rushed at the other with dreadful intentions. The belligerents were seized, the crowd rushed in, and there was a scene of wild confusion which for a long time was uncontrollable. The next day apologies were presented by both members, and after an effort to punish, the whole matter was dropped.

A FAMOUS HAND-TO-HAND ENCOUNTER

There are other scenes like these, both ancient and modern, some of them too near the present time for safe comment. But the most remarkable scene which ever occurred in the House of this kind was the struggle between Mr. Grow and Mr. Keitt on the second of February about two o'clock in the morning. Of all the actors of the scene, Mr. Grow probably alone survives. He has come back to us from another generation, and at the ripe age of seventy-six has still the slender, upright figure and the alert and quick ways of his youth. It had been a bad night. Filibustering, which was a barricade of motions and roll-calls, kept the House in session, and also kept it from making any progress. The desks and chairs were strewn with sleepers, and those who kept awake were at full strain, and some had added copious libations, which had not calmed their nerves. Mr. Grow had gone to the Democratic side to see Mr. Haskin, a Douglas Democrat from New York, who was helping on the filibuster. Just then John A. Quitman asked leave to speak, and Mr. Grow objected. Keitt, of South Carolina, who was near, said roughly, "If you are going to object, return to your own side of the House."

Grow answered, "This is a free hall. Every man has a right to be where he pleases."

Keitt came nearer and said, "I want to know what you mean by such an answer as that."

"I mean just what I say. This is a free hall, and every man has a right to be just where he pleases."

Keitt seized Grow by the throat, saying, "I will let you know that you are a ——— black Republican puppy."

Grow knocked up his hand, exclaiming, "I shall occupy such place in this hall as I please, and no negro-driver shall crack his whip over me."

Keitt again grasped Grow by the throat, and Grow knocked his hand off.

Keitt came at him again and Grow then knocked him down. Thus far this is the story as told by a member.

Mr. Grow tells me that just as he struck Keitt, Mr. Reuben Davis pulled him half-way around, and the combined blow and turning stretched Mr. Keitt out in the aisle. Keitt's fall was the signal for a mad rush to the space in front of the Speaker, members striking each other, and a general mêlée ensued, with Washburn, of Illinois, and Potter, of Wisconsin, most conspicuous. Barksdale, of Mississippi, rushed at Mr. Covode, who uplifted a spittoon, but Barksdale's wig came off and Covode had not the heart to smite his unprotected skull. The Speaker called on the Sergeant-at-Arms, and the Sergeant-at-Arms, with his assistants, came with the mace, the insignia of his office, and after several minutes the uproar was quelled. Afterward Mr. Keitt made most handsome apology, taking the blame on himself, while Mr. Grow made his explanations, saying in good taste all he ought to have said. Next month Mr. Punch embalmed this struggle of heroes in half a page of hexameters, where the story may be read to this day.

WILD DAYS OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION

Of course this is not the place to treat fully of the great national crisis which followed the contest between Hayes and Tilden. That portion of history should have, and will have, a place among the great events which illustrate the doctrine upon which republics depend, the doctrine that there is at every period sense enough in the nation to meet the needs of the nation in times of stormiest peril. Our danger is not from the great precipices, the sheer height of which we can see, but from the insidious temptations to by and forbidden paths which lead to quicksands lying on either side the narrow way, which we must tread if we mean liberty and equal rights, and not despotism and vainglory.

Among the occurrences of that stormy period is one, however, which illustrates our present topic. The law which established the Electoral Commission provided that the decision of the Commission as to the counting of the vote of each disputed State should be followed, unless both Houses agreed in overruling that decision. Therefore, as each disputed State was called, it was provided that Senators and Representatives should state in writing their objections, the case should then go to the Commission, and on its report the two Houses should vote, and reassemble and count the State in dispute, and proceed to the next. Inasmuch as the Congress which, under the Constitution, supervised the counting, expired March 4, it was apparent to all that unless the count was finished by that date unspeakable confusion must ensue. You may be sure that in that time of high excitement those who were in opposition to the result toward which it became evident the Commission leaned were ready to avail themselves of all the powers of delay to which the old and sacred system of filibustering lent itself. Could they but start objections enough, make motions enough and have them entertained, with due roll-calls of yeas and nays, the clock would strike twelve on the fourth of March, 1877, with the great question undecided, with a future unknown and unimaginable. It might be a farce, or it might be a tragedy with a hundred battles shaking the great Republic. The Speaker in the chair was Samuel J. Randall. Perhaps there may have been better parliamentarians, men of broader intellect and more learning, but there have been few men with a will more like iron or a courage more unfaltering. In spite of all the traditions which he had himself followed for many years, and which he continued to follow long after this, he refused, after the will of the House had been ascertained, to receive any dilatory motions, though pressed with great persistency, and so conducted the course of the House of Representatives that the fourth of March found the law vindicated and the nation saved from the unhappy possibilities which threatened its peace.

Keitt seized Grow by the throat

SPEAKER RANDALL'S "INSPIRATION FROM GOD"

Inasmuch as the subject had not then received that full discussion which it since has, it has always seemed to me doubtful if Mr. Randall ever understood the logical basis of his action, which was that rules and procedure were established to facilitate business, and not to bring it to a halt; and that when the standstill comes, the Speaker, representing the House, must take the responsibility of action, subject to disgrace and punishment if he errs. Mr. Randall himself told me that he should always believe "that it was an inspiration from God."

—Grow then knocked him down

In great crises such inspirations do come. A great opportunity happening to a strong man burns up in quick flame all the little personal sophistries, the pride of opinion and of consistency, and leaves the solid residuum of duty, on which eternity itself is based.

Of course this conflict brought on most tumultuous scenes. The recalcitrant members were reinforced by the army of strangers who filled the aisles and the cloak-rooms, for the bad old system of inviting the wandering friend or constituent upon the floor, now happily done away with, then existed in full force and vigor. Even the Record, which usually only faintly represents noise and hubbub, seems, to one familiar with the House, instinct with riot and confusion. Members made motions, entered appeals, demanded the reading of a document which would have taken five days—and but three remained—and kept on with motions and appeals. Mr. Beebe, of New York, demanded an appeal from the Chair, and was refused. The climax was then reached, for Mr. Beebe mounted the top of his desk, and from that altitude demanded the Speaker's reasons. Getting no reply, he descended to the floor and renewed his demands for the reasons. Then some one asked House officers to enforce order. Mr. Money and Mr. Springer said, "Let them try it!" Then the Speaker, amid loud applause on the floor and gallery, declared that "Gentlemen must take their seats. The Chair is not going to submit longer to this disorder." The strangers were then driven to the cloak-rooms, and finally out of the House. This quelled the disturbance to such an extent that business went on, though the turmoil lasted all day.

THE RARITY OF ROWS

Though it is a great misfortune to have such scenes occur, nevertheless they arise out of natural causes and are less and less frequent, and deserve to be understood as the results of surrounding as well as of individual characteristics. Men under physical and mental strain, crowded together and much excited, are always in great danger of outbreak, and it is really a great triumph of civilization, a great proof of the growing enlightenment of men, that so few disorderly scenes occur, and especially that they are so soon quelled, not by the presiding officer, who can do little, but by the prompt action of the members themselves.

Though this much deserves to be said in palliation of the action of such members as happen to be conspicuous in disorder, nevertheless the public good demands that they should be treated just as they have been treated, with due reproach, so as to encourage all nervous and excitable men to restrain themselves, and all men to pay that deference to their own position which they owe to us and to all the world.

ODD WAYS OF GAINING A LIVING

By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D.

THE complexity of modern civilization is shown in nothing more strikingly than in the extreme multiplicity of pursuits by which men to-day gain a living. In a country village which supports with difficulty a single baker or tailor, only the old-established and indispensable trades are pursued; but in the great swarming centres of population like London and Paris, not only these, but a multitude of strange, queer, out-of-the-way callings, which, even in towns of half a million or even a million inhabitants, would not give employment to a single human being, are followed by scores and even hundreds of men who derive therefrom not only the means of subsistence, but in some cases an independence and even riches.

Persons who are familiar with the history of popular delusions, which Porson once said jestingly that he would write in a work of five hundred volumes, will remember the famous stock-jobbing mania which raged in Paris under the inspiration of the Scotch projector and financier, John Law. During the mania the great scene of operations was the Rue Quinquempoix. The business was by law confined to that spot, whither multitudes of men and women of all ranks and conditions flocked to buy shares in Law's bank and Mississippi Company, which, though absolutely worthless, rose to twenty times their original price.

A HUMP THAT MADE ITS OWNER RICH

Desks and writing materials for the transfer of shares were in great demand, but in a street so densely crowded they were not easily obtainable. In this exigency a hunchbacked man let out his protuberance for the infatuated speculators to scribble upon, and so eager were they to use it and so liberally did they pay him that he is said to have made in a few days a hundred and fifty thousand livres. It was a happy thought that led this man to convert an obstacle into a stepping-stone to success; it showed that though his person was crooked, his mind was straight. Hundreds of hunchbacked men would probably have seen the golden tide running by them for life without dreaming of thus profiting by it.

Since Law's day Paris has been preëminent for the odd pursuits and callings of many of its citizens. Of all the great cities of the world, it is the one in which to-day the most extraordinary and surprising modes of gaining a living are employed. Nowhere is keener ingenuity exercised in turning refuse to account than in this huge hive of industry, where literally nothing is wasted. Out of the very leavings of the regular industries of the metropolis—dirty rags, half-gnawed bones, mouldy crusts of bread, cigar ends, parings and peelings of fruits, pieces of squeezed lemon thrown aside by oyster eaters, pieces of glass, clippings of hair, etc.—scores of shrewd men are continually realizing fortunes, and thousands are getting their daily bread.

Among the articles thus transformed by Parisian ingenuity are faded flowers that have been flung aside by the beauties to whom they were presented. The discarded bouquets are collected daily from the dirt heaps of the city, are picked over, sorted, and the ends of the stalks dipped into water nearly boiling, whereby the sap is made to mount into the flowers, and they become as brilliant as if freshly picked. They are then mounted upon rush stems, arranged in bouquets, and surrounded with fresh green leaves, after which they are sold by tidily dressed little girls who perambulate the boulevards and press them upon the Parisians.

FAINTING AS A PROFESSION FOR WOMEN

The following incident shows an originality of invention rarely rivaled even by the prolific brain of the Yankee. One day in a lawsuit before the Tribunal Correctionnel a handsome young lady, smartly dressed, was called as a witness. The presiding Judge asked her name and then her profession or calling. "I faint," answered madame in a very low tone. The Judge thereupon directed an officer of the court to bring her a chair and allowed her to sit down. "Don't be afraid, madame," said he; "and please to tell me before you are sworn what is your profession?" "I am fainting," again whispered the pretty witness in a barely audible voice. The gallant Vice-President now sent for a glass of water, which the lady sipped slowly, then bowing to her interrogator she appeared to await further questions.

Again, the third time, she was asked her profession, when, with a look of wonder and surprise, she replied: "But, Mr. President, I have already twice had the honor to tell you that my profession is to faint." "To faint!" exclaimed the astonished and puzzled Judge; "how can that possibly be a profession?" The lady explained that she gained her livelihood by going every evening in a fashionable dress to a stall in the Theatre de la Porte de Saint Martin and there fainting, as though overpowered by the powerful and vivid acting at the most critical and tragical moment in the play. She added that her services were considered invaluable, and that thus far she had given to the manager complete satisfaction.

HIRED CUTLETS AND GUARDIAN ANGELS

We have all heard of dress-coats to let, of hired jewels, and even of hired wedding presents, but who ever heard of meat to let? Yet in Paris the fine, appetising joints of meat and other eatables which are displayed in the windows of the cheaper restaurants are simply hired to tempt the passing epicure. There are butchers who realize a considerable income from letting out show joints, attractive legs of mutton and nicely trimmed cutlets, disposed with such Parisian art as to catch the eye of the plebeian *bon vivant*. Even clean linen, also, is let out on hire, and if you suffer from an excess of blood you can hire leeches and have them set biting for a trifling sum.

Among other odd ways of gaining a living in the French metropolis are, making soap bubbles, painting turkeys' feet, retailing lighted fuel, guessing riddles, collecting samples, and acting as guardian angel—of only one of which, the last, have we space for an explanation. The guardian angel establishes himself in the outskirts of the city near the wine shops, where he does odd jobs during the day for the shopkeeper, while in the evening he assists in getting home any of the sons of Bacchus who may have drunk too deeply. In doing this he must be deaf to all the commands and entreaties of his charge to let him enter any of the wine shops on the way; he must keep him out of broils, guard his personal effects, even fight for him if necessary, and when he cannot be led home, carry him on his back or wheel him on a barrow. The earnings of these helpers of frail humanity are ridiculously paltry, seldom exceeding a franc or two a night.

THE EXPERTNESS OF THE LONDON WINE-TASTERS

One of the out-of-the-way modes of getting a living in London is that practiced by the wine-tasters of the London docks. These persons, who are supposed to have palates of exquisite delicacy, with much knowledge of wines, hang about the docks, where they are hired by both dealers and buyers to accompany them to the vaults and give their opinions of the various wines submitted to them for examination. Though they carefully avoid swallowing the wine they taste, yet their calling slowly saps their health, and they become at an early age physical wrecks. The sensations which they experience in sampling the wines are of the most delicate and subtle nature; it was one of these men who detected the flavor of iron in a pipe of wine into which a shingle nail had fallen.

The language in which they describe these sensations is altogether unique—full, sometimes, of the subtlest allusions and analogies. At a trial in which the quality of a cargo of wine was in dispute, one of these professional tasters, who had been summoned to appear as a witness, expressed the most positive conviction that, as the plaintiff contended, the wine that had been sent was totally different from the sample.

"And how do you know that?" asked the opposing counsel. "Oh, it is quite a different wine to my taste. There was a fine farewell flavor about the sample, which the wine sent totally lacks."

IN NAUVOO

By Robert W. Chambers

"God's in His Heaven: all's right with the world."

THE long drought ended with a cloudburst in the Western mountains which tore a new slide down the flank of Lynx Peak and scarred the Gilded Dome from summit to base. Then storm followed storm, bursting through the mountain notch and sweeping the river into the meadows where the haycocks were already afloat and the gaunt mountain cattle floundered, bellowing.

The stage from White Lake arrived at noon with the mail, and the driver walked into the post-office and slammed the soaking mail sack on the floor.

"Gracious!" said the little postmistress.

"Yes'm," said the stage-driver irrelevantly; "them letters is wetter an' I'm madder'n a swimmin' shanghai! Upsot? Yes'm—in Snow Brook. Road's awash, meadders is flooded, an' the water's a-swashin' an' a-sloshin' in them there guloshes." He waved one foot about carelessly, scattering muddy spray, then balanced himself alternately on heels and toes to hear the water wheeze in his drenched boots.

"There must be a hole in the mail-pouch," said the postmistress in gentle distress.

There certainly was. The letters were soaked; the wrappers on newspaper and parcel had become detached; the interior of the Government's mail pouch resembled the preliminary stages of a paper-pulp vat. But the postmistress worked so diligently among the *débris* that by one o'clock she had sorted and placed in separate numbered boxes every letter, newspaper and parcel—save one.

That one was a letter directed to

"James Helm, Esq., Nauvoo, *via* White Lake,"

and it was so wet and the gum that sealed it was so nearly dissolved that the postmistress decided to place it between blotters, pile two volumes of Government agricultural reports on it, and leave it until dry.

One by one the population of Nauvoo came dripping into the post-office for the mail, then slopped out into the storm again, umbrellas couched in the teeth of the wind. But James Helm did not come for his letter.

The little postmistress sat alone in her office and looked out into her garden. It was a very wet garden; the hollyhocks still raised their flowered spikes in the air; the nasturtiums, the verbenas and the pansies were beaten down and lying prone in muddy puddles. She wondered whether they would ever raise their heads again—those delicate flower-faces that she knew so well, her only friends in Nauvoo.

Through the long drought she had tended them, ministering to their thirst, protecting them from their enemies the weeds, and from the fuzzy brown and yellow caterpillars which traveled over the fences, guided by instinct and a raging appetite. Now each frail flower had laid its slender length along the earth, and the little postmistress watched them wistfully from her rain-stained window.

She had expected to part with her flowers; she was going away forever in a few days—somewhere—she was not yet quite certain where. But now that her flowers lay prone, bruised and broken, the idea of leaving them behind her distressed her sorely.

She picked up her crutch and walked to the door. It was no use; the rain warned her back. She sat down again by the window to watch her wounded flowers.

There was something else that distressed her, too, although the paradox of parting from a person she had never met ought to have appealed to her sense of humor. But she did not think of that; she had never, since she had been postmistress in Nauvoo, spoken one word to James Helm, nor had he ever spoken to her. He had a key to his letter-box; he always came toward evening. It was exactly a year ago to-day that Helm came to Nauvoo—a silent, pallid young fellow with unresponsive eyes and the bearing of a gentleman. He was cordially detested in Nauvoo.

❧

For a year she had watched him enter the post-office, unlock his letter-box, swing on his heel and walk away with never a glance at her nor a sign of recognition to any of the village people who might be there. She heard people exchange uncomplimentary opinions concerning him; she heard him sneered at, denounced, slandered.

Naturally, being young and lonely and quite free from malice toward anybody, she had time to construct a romance around Helm—a very innocent romance of well-worn pattern and on most unoriginal lines. Into this romance she sometimes conducted herself, blushing secretly at her mental indiscretion, which indiscretion so worried her that she dared not even look at Helm that evening when he came for his mail. She was a grave, gentle little thing—a child still, whose childhood had been a tragedy and whose womanhood promised only that shadow of happiness called contentment, which comes from a blameless life and a nature which accepts sorrow without resentment.

Thinking of Helm as she sat there by the window she heard the office clock striking five. Five was Helm's usual hour, so she hid her crutch. It was her one vanity—that he should not know she was lame.

She rose and lifted the two volumes of agricultural reports from the blotters where Helm's letter lay, then she carefully raised one blotter. To her dismay half of the envelope stuck to the blotting-paper, leaving the contents of the letter open to her view.

On the half-envelope lay an object apparently so peculiarly terrifying that the little postmistress caught her breath and turned quite white at sight of it. And yet it was only a square bit of paper, perfectly blank save for half a dozen threadlike lines scattered through its texture.

For a long while the postmistress stood staring at the half-envelope and the bit of blank paper. Then with trembling fingers she lighted a lamp and held the little piece of paper over the chimney—carefully. When the paper was warm she raised it up to the light and read the scrawl that the sympathetic ink revealed:

> "I send you a sample of the latest style fibre. Look out for the new postmaster at Nauvoo. He's a Secret Service spy, and he's been sent to see what you are doing. This is the last letter I dare send you by mail."

There was no signature to the message, but a signature was not necessary to tell the postmistress who had written the letter. With set lips and tearless eyes she watched the writing fade slowly on the paper; and when again the paper was blank she sank down by the window, laying her head in her arms.

A few moments later Helm came in wrapped in a shining wet mackintosh. He glanced at his box, saw it was empty, wheeled squarely on his heels and walked out.

❧

Toward sunset the rain dissolved to mist; a trail of vapor which marked the course of an unseen brook floated high among the hemlocks. There was no wind; the feathery tips of the pines, powdered with rain-spray, rose motionless in the still air. Suddenly the sun's red searchlight played through the forest; long, warm rays fell across wet moss, rain-drenched ferns dripped, the swamp steamed. In the east the thunder still boomed, and faint lightning flashed under the smother of sombre clouds; but the storm had rolled off among the mountains, and already a white-throated sparrow was calling from the edge of the clearing. It promised to be a calm evening in Nauvoo.

Meanwhile, Helm walked on down the muddy road, avoiding the puddles which the sun turned into pools of liquid flame. He heard the catbirds mewing in the alders; he heard the evening carol of the robin—that sweet, sleepy, thrushlike warble which always promises a melody that never follows; he picked a spray of rain-drenched hemlock as he passed, crushing it in his firm, pale fingers to inhale the fragrance.

Now in the glowing evening sky the bullbats were soaring and tumbling, and the tree-frogs trilled from the darkening pastures. Around the bend in the road his house stood all alone, a small, single-storied cottage in a tangled garden. He passed in at his gate, but instead of unlocking the front door he began to examine the house as though he had never before seen it; he scrutinized every window, he made a cautious tour of the building, returning to stare again at the front door.

❧

The door was locked; he never left the house without locking it, and he never returned without approaching the house in alert silence, as though it might conceal an enemy.

There was no sound of his footfalls as he mounted the steps; the next instant he was inside the house, his back against the closed door—listening. As usual, he heard nothing except the ticking of a clock somewhere in the house, and as usual he slipped his revolver back into the side pocket of his coat and fitted a key into the door on his left. The room was pitch dark; he lighted a candle and held it up, shading his eyes with a steady hand.

There was a table and one chair in the room; the table was littered with engraver's tools, copperplates, bottles of acid, packets of fibre paper, and photographic paraphernalia. A camera, a reading-lamp and a dark lantern stood on a shelf beside a nickel-plated clock which ticked sharply.

The two windows in the room had been sealed up with planks, over which sheet iron was nailed. The door also had been reinforced with sheet iron. From a peg above it a repeating rifle hung festooned with two cartridge belts.

When he had filled his lamp from a can of kerosene he lighted it and sat down to the task before him with even less interest than usual—and his interest had been waning for weeks. For the excitement that makes crime interesting had subsided and the novelty was gone; there was no longer anything in his crime that appealed to his intellect; the problem of successfully accomplishing crime was no longer a problem to him. He had solved it. The twelve months' work on the plate before him demonstrated this; the plate was perfect; the counterfeit an absolute facsimile. The Government stood to lose whatever he chose to take from it.

As an artist in engraving and as an intelligent man Helm was, or had been, proud of his work. But for that very reason, because he was an artist, he had tired of his masterpiece and was already fingering a new plate, vaguely meditating better and more ambitious work. Why not? Why should he not employ his splendid skill and superb accuracy in something original? That is where the artist and the artisan part company—the artisan is always content to copy; the artist, once master of his tools, creates.

❧

In Helm the artist was now in the ascendent; he dreamed of engraving living things direct from Nature—the depths of forests shot with sunshine, the scrubby uplands against a sky crowded with clouds, and perhaps cattle nosing for herbage among the rank fern and tangled briars of a scanty pasture—perhaps even the shy, wild country children, bareheaded and naked of knee and shoulder, staring, half-tamed, from the roadside brambles.

It is, of course, possible that Helm was a natural born criminal, yet his motive for trying his skill at counterfeiting was revenge and not personal gain.

He had served his apprenticeship in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. He had served the Government for twelve years, through three Administrations. Being a high-salaried employee, the civil service gave him no protection when the quadrennial double-shuffle changed the politics of the Administration. He was thrown aside like a shabby garment which has served its purpose, and although for years he had known what ultimate reward was reserved for those whom the Republic hires, he could never bring himself to believe that years of faithful labor and a skill which increased with every new task set could meet the common fate. So when his resignation was requested, and when, refusing indignantly, he was turned out, neck and heels, after his twelve years of faultless service, it changed the man terribly.

He went away with revenge in his mind and the skill and intelligence to accomplish it. But now that he had accomplished it, and the plate was finished, and the Government at his mercy, the incentive to consummate his revenge lagged. After all, what could he revenge himself on? The Government?—that huge, stupid, abstract bulk! Had it a shape, a form concrete, nerves, that it could suffer in its turn? Even if it could suffer, after all, he was tired of suffering. There was no novelty in it.

Perhaps his recent life alone in the sweet, wholesome woods had soothed a bitter and rebellious heart. There is a balm for deepest wounds in the wind, and in the stillness of a wilderness there is salve for souls.

As he sat there brooding, or dreaming of the work he might yet do, there stole into his senses that impalpable consciousness of another presence, near, and coming nearer. Alert, silent, he rose, and as he turned he heard the front gate click. In an instant he had extinguished lamp and candle, and stepping back into the hallway, he laid his ear to the door.

❧

In the silence he heard steps along the gravel, then on the porch. There was a pause; leaning closer to the door he could hear the rapid, irregular breathing of his visitor. Knocking began at last, a very gentle rapping, silence, another uncertain rap, then the sound of retreating steps from the gravel and the click of the gate-latch. With one hand covering the weapon in his coat pocket he opened the door and stepped out.

THE POSTMISTRESS

A young girl stood just outside his gate.

"Who are you and what is your business with this house?" he inquired grimly. The criminal in him was now in the ascendent; he was alert, cool, suspicious and insolent. He saw in anybody who approached his house the menace of discovery, perhaps an intentional and cunning attempt to entrap and destroy him. All that was evil in him came to the surface; the fear that anybody might forcibly frustrate his revenge—if he chose to revenge himself—raised a demon in him that blanched his naturally pallid face and started his lip-muscles into that curious recession which, in animals, is the first symptom of the snarl.

"What do you want?" he repeated. "Why do you knock and then slink away?"

"I did not know you were at home," said the girl faintly.

"Then why do you come knocking? Who are you, anyway?" he demanded harshly, knowing perfectly well who she was.

"I am the postmistress at Nauvoo," she faltered; "that is, I was——"

"Really," he said angrily; "your intelligence might teach you to go where you are more welcome."

His brutality appeared to paralyze the girl. She looked at him as though attempting to comprehend his meaning. "Are you not Mr. Helm?" she asked in a bewildered voice.

"Yes; I am," he replied shortly.

"I thought you were a gentleman," she continued in the same stunned voice.

"I'm not," said Helm bitterly. "I fancy you will agree with me, too. Good-night."

He deliberately turned his back on her and sat down on the wooden steps of the porch; but his finely modeled ears were alert and listening, and when to his amazement he heard her open his gate again and reënter he swung around with eyes contracting wickedly.

She met his evil glance quite bravely, wincing when he invited her to leave the yard. But she came nearer, crossing the rank, soaking grass, and stood beside him where he was sitting.

"May I tell you something?" she asked timidly.

"Will you be good enough to pass your way?" he answered, rising.

"Not yet," she replied, and seated herself on the steps. The next moment she was crying, silently, but that only lasted until she could touch her eyes with her handkerchief.

He stood above her on the steps. Perhaps it was astonishment that sealed his lips, perhaps decency. He had noticed that she was slightly lame, although her slender figure appeared almost faultless. He waited for a moment.

Far on the clearing's dusky edge a white-throated sparrow called persistently to a mate that did not answer.

If Helm still felt alarm or feared treachery his voice did not betray it. "What is the trouble?" he demanded less roughly.

She said without looking at him: "I have deceived you. There was a letter for you to-day. It came apart and—I found—this——"

She held out a bit of paper. He took it mechanically. His face had suddenly turned gray.

The paper was fibre paper. He stood there breathless, his face a ghastly, bloodless mask; and when he found his voice it was only the ghost of a voice.

"What is all this about?" he asked.

"About fibre paper," she answered, looking up at him.

"Fibre paper!" he repeated, confounded by her candor.

"Yes—Government fibre. Do you think I don't know what it is?"

For the first time there was bitterness in her voice. She turned partly around, supporting her body on one arm. "Fibre paper? Ah, yes—I know what it is," she said again.

He looked her squarely in the eyes and he saw in her face that she knew what he was and what he had been doing in Nauvoo. The blood slowly stained his pallid cheeks.

"Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

His eyes began to grow narrow, and the lines about his mouth deepened. The criminal in him, brought to bay, watched every movement of the young girl before him. Tranquil and optimistic, he quietly seated himself on the wooden steps beside her. Little he cared for her and her discovery. It would take more than a pretty, lame girl to turn him from his destiny; and his destiny was what he chose to make it. He almost smiled at her.

"So," he said, "you think the game is up?"

"Yes; but nothing need harm you."

"Harm me!" he repeated with an ugly sneer; then a sudden wholesome curiosity seized him and he blurted out: "But what do you care?"

Looking up at him, she started to reply, but the words failed her. She bent her head in silence.

"Why?" he demanded again.

"I have often seen you," she faltered. "I sometimes thought you were unhappy."

"But why do you come to warn me? People hate me."

"I do not hate you," she replied faintly.

"Why?"

"I don't know."

A star suddenly gleamed low over the forest's level crest. Night had fallen in Nauvoo. After a silence he said in an altered voice: "Am I to understand that you came to warn a common criminal?"

She did not answer.

"Do you know what I am doing?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What?"

"You are counterfeiting."

"How do you know?" he said with a touch of menace in his sullen voice.

"Because—because—my father did it——"

"Did what?"

"Counterfeited—what you are doing now!" she gasped. "That is how I know about the fibre. I knew it the moment I saw it—Government fibre—and I knew what was on it; the flame justified me. And oh, I could not let them take you as they took father—to prison for all those years!"

"Your father!" he blurted out.

"Yes!" she cried, revolted; "and his handwriting is on that piece of paper in your hand!"

Through the stillness of the evening the rushing of a distant brook among the hemlocks grew louder, increasing on the night wind like the sound of a distant train on a trestle. Then the wind died out; a night bird whistled; a white moth hummed up and down the vines over the porch.

"I know who you are now," the girl continued; "you knew my father in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing."

"Yes."

"And your name is not Helm."

"No."

"Do you not know that the Government watches discharged employees of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing?"

"I know it."

"So you changed your name?"

"Yes."

She leaned nearer, looking earnestly into his shadowy eyes.

"Do you know that an officer of the Secret Service is coming to Nauvoo?"

"I could take the plate and go—there is time," he answered sullenly.

"Yes—there is time." A dry sob choked her. He heard the catch in her voice, but he did not move his eyes from the ground. His heart seemed to have grown curiously heavy; a strange inertia weighted his limbs. Fear, anger, bitterness—nay, revenge itself had died out, leaving not a tranquil mind, but a tired one. The pulse scarcely beat in his body. After a while the apathy of mind and body appeared to rest him. He was so tired of hate.

"Give me the keys," she whispered. "Is it in there? Where is the plate? In that room? Give me the keys."

As in a dream he handed her his keys. Through a lethargy which was almost a stupor he saw her enter his house; he heard her unlock the door of the room where his plates lay. After a moment she found a match and lighted the candles. Helm sat heavily on the steps, his head on his breast, dimly aware that she was passing and repassing, carrying bottles and armfuls of tools and paper and plates out into the darkness somewhere.

It may have been a few minutes; it may have been an hour before she returned to him on the steps, breathing rapidly, her limp gown clinging to her limbs, her dark hair falling to her shoulders.

"The plates and acids will never be found," she said breathlessly; "I put everything into the swamp. It is quicksand."

For a long time neither spoke. At length she slowly turned away toward the gate, and he rose and followed, scarcely aware of what he was doing.

At the gate she stooped and pushed a dark object out of sight under the bushes by the fence.

"Let me help you," he said, bending beside her.

"No, no; don't," she stammered; "it is nothing."

He found it and handed it to her. It was her crutch; and she turned crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Lean on me," he said very gently.

The girl bit her trembling lip till the blood came. "Thank you," she said, crushing back her tears; "my crutch is enough—but you need not have known it. Kindness is comparative; one can be too kind."

He misunderstood her and drew back. "I forgot," he said quietly, "what privileges are denied to criminals."

"Privileges?" she faltered. After a moment she laid one hand on his arm.

"I shall be very glad of your help," she said; "I am more lame than I wish the world to know. It was only the vanity of a cripple that refused you."

But he thought her very beautiful as she passed with him out into the starlight.

DRAWN BY A. B. HELLER

HE STOOD THERE BREATHLESS

SPANISH VANITY

COMMANDANTE TOBILLA, one of the leading Spanish officers in the late war, is in his own country a popular writer and public speaker. A firm of publishers in America is about to bring out an English edition of his book upon the war and the Cuban question. Señor Tobilla is a man of infinite tact and courtesy, and has a little more than his share of vanity. Before the breaking out of hostilities in Cuba a number of New York newspaper men were in Havana trying to get sketches and information about the Spanish army and fortifications. They were warned by General Weyler to stay in one place, and under no conditions to take pictures of forts or of soldiers under penalty of imprisonment. One daring member of the press, armed with a camera, went to one of the principal forts and began to photograph it. He was taken in by Tobilla's men and brought before the Commandante as a captive. He spoke excellent Spanish and thus addressed the officer:

"Most Excellent Sir, at last I have found you. I have come all the way from America to take your picture."

"Indeed! Why, my men say you were taking pictures of fortifications!"

"No, indeed; I heard of your valor at a recent battle, and I made up my mind that you were a hero and my people ought to know of you."

"But I have not my proper uniform on. Do you really wish to take me?"

"Certainly; and after you get your uniform on, have your men drawn up in line and massed around you out in the sunlight so I can get plenty of light, and also prove to my people what excellent soldiers you have in your division."

"You do me great honor, sir. Your request shall be granted."

In a short time the Commandante and his men were on parade in front of the fortifications and the newspaper man took half a dozen camera shots at them, and also at the fort, which was the chief object of the visit.

Tobilla saw him off to the next town with a guard of honor and discharged him from custody with a salute, and in the next "copy" he sent to his paper the correspondent had the only pictures in existence of some very important fortifications and the flower of the Spanish soldiery in Cuba. But Señor Tobilla does not mention this incident in his new book.

The SEEN: A REVELATION of the UNSEEN*

GOD has been pleased to give us two revelations of truth which correspond with and supplement one another. One appeals to the eye, after the method of a picture, catching our attention and suggesting more than appears. The other addresses the mind, after the manner of letter-press, laying out the matter in order and convincing our reason by argument.

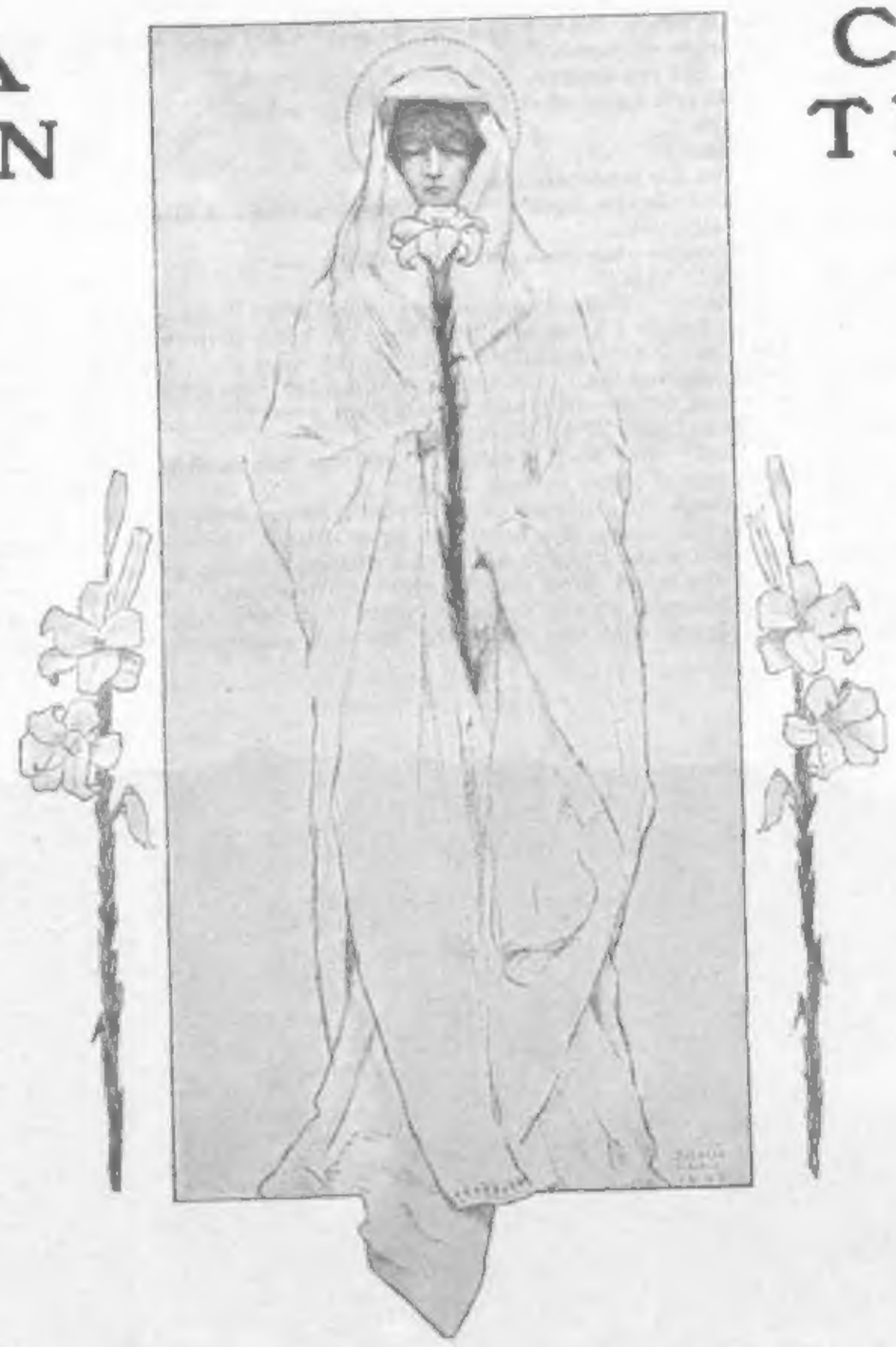
The one book is that of Nature, upon whose fascinating pages, gay with color, we have looked since we can remember; the other is that unique body of literature which we rightly call "The Book," whose depths of wisdom and of love we can never fathom. There are those who revel in Nature and ignore the Bible: this is paganism; there are those who magnify the Bible and are blind to Nature: this is scholasticism. They are wise who know how to use the two revelations—the one to illustrate, the other to explain, both to declare God.

They are so united by God that it is difficult to separate the written and the pictorial, for you cannot look upon Nature without remembering the Bible; you cannot read the Bible and exclude Nature. The first scene in the Bible is a garden, with trees and animals, where in the cool shadow God speaks with man; and the thought of Paradise runs like a golden thread through Scripture, past the very Cross of Christ, till you come to the last scene of the Bible, which is again a garden where there is a river of water, clear as crystal, and trees whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. An ancient world, stained and defiled with gross sin, is washed by the deluge of waters, and comes forth clean, as the soul is buried in spiritual baptism with Christ and arises a new creature. Over the silent and trembling world which has seen God's mighty deeds the rainbow spreads itself with glorious colors as God declares His mercy against the shadow of Mount Calvary. The cities of the plain are destroyed by the fiery hail, together with a wicked people; but on the handful that have escaped the sun rises with peace and hope as they enter the refuge of Zoar. The Red Sea lifts up its waves on either side, that between its emerald walls God's people may go to freedom; and the same sea with its mighty raging waters swallows up the oppressor. Across the desert, with its blazing sun and burning sand, the Children of Israel travel on life's weary pilgrimage, and on the other side of the Jordan, which divides this world from the next, Canaan awaits with its milk and honey, with its safety and its rest.

Evil days come when God smites the fruits of the earth with blasting and mildew; when the flocks die in the stall, and the vintage fails in the vineyard; when the fig-tree and the olive increase, and the palmerworm devours them. In the days of God's blessing the mountains break forth into singing and the trees of the field clap their hands; instead of the thorn comes up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier comes up the myrtle tree. And the Hebrew prophets looking across the waste of national desolation behold by faith a new Heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

With the Bible in his hands and the spirit of the Bible in his heart, a man obtains a profound view of Nature and is delivered from two opposite errors of thought. It is incredible to him that this rich and beautiful world came into being no one knows how, and goes on no one knows why; that no mind designed it, and that no will upholds it. As he looks upon this creation with open and understanding eye he finds in every part, from the delicate tracery of a leaf to the thought of man, the action of mind. There is no mind in matter. You cannot get out of matter what you have not put in, and if all matter arranges itself into perfect shapes and adapted ends, then matter is permeated through and through by active intelligence. Behind the creation is a mind and a will; before the creation lies a goal and a hope. It was not by chance that either our home or ourselves came into being, nor are we the victims of blind fate. The seen at every turn proves the unseen, and above the world is God.

It is as impossible to go to the other extreme and to believe that the seen is the same as the unseen, though pantheism is a great advance upon materialism; for surely it is better to believe that all is God than that there is no God. It is indeed a beautiful, even though it be an unreasonable faith, which would identify the Divine with the sun rising in his strength, and with the foam upon the blue sea, and with the crystal pool, with the flower upon the wall, with the wind which bloweth where it listeth, and with the subtle, mysterious, human soul. For a moment our souls are touched with the grace of this thought and stretch out their hands to God as a child to its mother; but in the next they are chilled and flung back upon themselves. There is no answer to our



prayers and no return for our love; there is none to feel for us and none to help us. This fair appearance of things, which has so charged and affected our emotion, has no heart. The instinct of a person has not been satisfied, and therefore as there is no instinct which has not its correspondence, Nature is not God.

The Bible idea of Nature is midway between that materialism which denies that there is any God, and that pantheism which identifies God with Nature. The Hebrew writers never thought of Nature without God as the creator, and they never thought of Nature except with God as its preserver. Nature, as they imagined, was the body, and God was the soul, so that Nature was a magnificent and beneficent veil which partly hid, partly revealed the glory of God. The thunder was His voice, the lightning the flash of His eye; the clouds were His chariots, and the darkness was His robe; His righteousness was like the great mountains, and His judgments as the depths of the sea. The shining of the sun was as the favor of His countenance, and the coming of His spirit as rain on the mown grass. Behind this screen of visible things God moved and worked, and the light within revealed Him unto those who had eyes to see.

Jesus carried this thought to its highest degree and spoke of Nature as the type of God who was its reality. Whatever was beautiful and valuable in Nature was a symbol of the riches that were laid up in God, and which He had come to reveal. Jesus Himself was therefore not simply the interpreter of Nature, but the antitype of Nature. Whatever was prophesied in Nature was fulfilled in Jesus, in whom all its prophecies were Yea and Amen.

If a sower went forth to sow upon the hillside, then that sower was the Son of God, and the good seed which He scattered in its vitality was the quick and powerful word of God. If the reapers thrust their sickles into the golden grain in the autumn time, it was the angels gathering the souls of men, and the barn into which they garnered them was Our Father's house. He was the bread which came down from Heaven, of which if any man eat he shall never die; He was the water of life, of which if any man drink he shall never thirst again; He was the True Sun in the Heavens which lighteneth every man which cometh into the world. He was the Good Shepherd who knew His sheep through and through, and who laid down His life for them. He was the Master of the Vineyard who did as He pleased with His servants. When the eyes of His disciples fell upon the vines which climbed the walls of the house where Jesus took the Last Supper, Jesus declared that they had seen the picture of Himself, who was the True Vine into which every man must be ingrafted; and when He gave them the cupful of wine, the type of richness and of strength, He gave Himself, for He is the wine of God. Nature is therefore not only a transparent picture, but is also a sacrament; and just as the outward symbol of the bread and wine contain, unto those who believe, the riches of Christ Himself, so does all this elaborate and calculated imagery reveal to the soul the fullness of God which is the soul's portion and satisfaction.

Nature is to be accepted as one of God's chief ministers, but it does not follow because there is much about Nature in the Bible, and because it is the fashion of the day to be enthusiastic about the beauty of the world, that every one is born to appreciate this ministry. A savage may live amid the exquisite color of the South Seas and be untouched by their glory; and a European peasant may live all his days face to face with Mount Blanc and never have felt its majesty. It is a question whether the appreciation of Nature be not an educated taste which ignorant and thoughtless people never share. People who are hard and mercenary have no pleasure in the country, with its lowly homes and simple ways, but hurry to those haunts of garish and artificial amusement which are an insult to some country place and which profane the sanctity of Nature. The fretted sunlight through the branches of an old oak, hedgerows rich with woodbine and wild rose, a waterfall on the mountain side, a purple slope of heather, are nothing to those whose hearts have been worn hard with city pleasures and whose eyes are blinded by the city glare.

It is also lamentable that our Christian religion, which is so fresh and hopeful and spiritual, has not always made us partakers of our Master's passion for Nature. With the exception of his illustration of the seed as the resurrection body, Saint Paul does not make one loving allusion to the pageant of land and sea amid which he journeyed. The great fathers of the church might as well have lived in a cellar and never have seen a flower, for all they say of those things wherein Jesus rejoiced. Books of piety take us into the unseen recesses of the human soul and keep us face to face with the awful sufferings of Jesus; but they knew nothing of the lilies of the field and the birds of the air.

Saint Francis of Assisi is the one conspicuous and lovable exception to whom the beasts of the field were as brethren and the swallows of the air as sisters. Apart from that intimate friend of Jesus, Wordsworth has taught Christian folk more about the spiritual meaning of Nature than all the theologians of the church and all her saints. This has been a great loss. The Christian leaves the open air when he leaves Jesus, and he returns to the country when he returns to his Lord.

No one may speak about the love of Nature as a sentimental fancy, for indeed one who does not love the country and is only at home in the city ought to be alarmed about his state of soul. When one wearies in a garden, but wakes to life in an office, he is not as God made him, and it is not merely that he has lost his sense of duty, but, more or less, other things still valuable—his faith in God, his hope of immortality, his love of man, his heritage of spiritual feeling—which make up the soul. When one would rather read a book of theology, or, for that matter, a book of science, than see a sunset, he is not as Jesus was Himself, or would have him be. He has become the slave of ideas, and is losing his hold on life; he is growing to be a pedant, and ceasing to be a man.

When one surrenders himself to the gentle influence of Nature you will see him at his best. If you wish to understand your fellow-man, do not judge him as he appears in the club, in the drawing-room or in the office. There you see him under artificial conditions, like a barrister in a court or a soldier on parade. Wait till you come across your acquaintance, not in a watering-place, which is a hotbed of unreality and affectation, but in some remote, unsophisticated retreat. Walk with him over a hill, sit with him on the rocks by the shore, wander with him in a garden, and you will get at the man. Hear him now upon his boy at school, hear him on his early days and the memory of his mother, hear him on the welfare of his city and the sufferings of the poor. Hear him on his religious doubts and hopes when the shadows are falling and the air is darkling. Where now are his hard business airs, his insane party politics, his fierce, unreasoning bigotry? Gone with his city clothes, and his city face, and his city manner. He is simple, reasonable, kind-hearted, and ten times more serious and more thoughtful than you ever imagined. As a matter of fact, do we not always like a man better in the country than in the city; are we not willing to part with all he has for the moment lost? Are we not charmed with all which he has revealed? By and by we shall part company at the city gates; he will go to his set, and we shall go to ours; we shall bargain with him in business, and answer him on platforms. We shall seem to be far apart in our different occupations, associations, churches, but we shall never forget that once we met him off the stage, and that he was a good man, who loved his family, his country and his God.

When a young man loses his health in the city, the wise physician sends him to his old home and his native air. The

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CONSIDER THE LILIES By Ian Maclaren

train leaves him a mere wreck at the little country station where his friends are waiting; but before he has reached his father's cottage he has begun to mend. As he wanders in the glen, and follows the plough turning up the fresh, sweet-smelling earth, and works in the garden and breathes the clean, wholesome air, health comes back. Mother Nature is the wisest of physicians, and kindest of nurses, and cheapest of medicines. She is always ready to receive the victims of the city and do her best for them in her big country hospital. She will take the lad who has been nearly killed by squalid lodgings, and unhealthy offices, and bending over desks; she will straighten him out again, inflate his chest, put flesh upon his bones, burnish his pallid cheeks, and send him to the front fit for service. If she gets him in time she will do all this; if not, she will cheer his last days with the singing of birds, and the fragrance of flowers, and the sound of running water, and the play of light and shadow. That is what Nature can do for the body.

Give Nature a fair chance and that is what she will do for the inner man also. Our souls languish and suffer in the city because they are ill-fed on ledgers, small talk, exciting news, and learned speculations. They grow frivolous, talkative, skeptical. They lose freshness, power and vision. Nothing will recuperate the soul like a change of atmosphere, from artificial to natural life. Morbid ideas about sin and about God, artificial habits of life and thought, are dispelled. In some moods, no words will ever do as much as a sunset to convince of the shortness of life, the unreality of living, the splendor of eternity, and the nearness of God. Why should masses of cloud shot through with red bring one back to reality and those thoughts which make the substance of religion? No one will be able to answer that question until he has found out the connection between the seen and the unseen. Men are visited by many curious thoughts in the city, and achieve many wonderful things, but it is not in the city that they find out God's perfection. It is in the solitude of mountains, in lonely desert places, in rocky isles of the sea, by the side of running water, where other voices are stilled and the world is far away.

❦

It was amid the darkness of Mount Sinai that Moses received the ten words, while his countrymen danced around the Golden Calf on the plain beneath. It was in the wilderness with no companions but the Prophet Isaiah and the River Jordan that John realized the coming of Christ and preached the Kingdom of God. It was on Patmos, cut off from all his friends and little better than a weed flung upon the shore, that John saw the vision of the Heavenly City and the Lamb upon the throne. Within the solitude of Clairvaux, Saint Bernard conceived his noble hymns; Archbishop Leighton thought out his matchless commentary on Saint Peter as he paced the Bishops' Walk at Dunblane. Herbert composed The Temple amid the quiet surroundings of Bemerton, and Hooker desired to be removed from the noise of London to finish his master-book in some place where he could behold "God's blessing springing out of mother earth." And did not our Master, as far as was possible, avoid Jerusalem, with its pedantic rabbis, and worldly Sadducees, and fanatical crowds and perpetual tumult, and keep Himself to Galilee, the land of plain people and rustic scenery?

No time can come this side the grave when we can afford to lay down the revelation of the Bible, or when our feet will not turn to the Cross of Calvary, but it will do us good to study the sacramental illustrations which illuminate the pages of Scripture, and to look on the green hill outside the city gates on which the Cross has been raised. Everywhere must we follow Jesus as He leads us in the way everlasting, but it is pleasant for us to remember that He loved to walk by the lake shore and through the cornfields, and while we cannot forget amid the joy of the outer world that the last chapter of this present life ends in a grave, let it be the very grave of Christ who was laid to rest in a garden, whose every flower declared the loving kindness of God and the hope of the springtime.

❦

Kruger's Present to a Lion

IN COLLECTING material for his historical works, the Right Honorable W. E. Lecky, of the University of Dublin, became intimately acquainted with Oom Paul Kruger.

"I have known him for many years," he said not long ago. "I know him as well as if he were a member of my family, and I have visited him in his home. Perhaps his most notable characteristic is his self-control and lack of emotion. He is a Dopper in religion, adhering to the original doctrines of Dorp. His chief recreation during his younger days was hunting. Once some one asked him what had become of a missing finger on his hand.

"'I gave it to a lion,' replied Kruger.

"'What do you mean by that?'

"'It was broken in a fight with the animal, and as it never could be made well I cut it off and gave it to the lion.'

"And," added Mr. Lecky, "all of his children are just like him."

Kruger's personal bravery is great.

An Old-Fashioned Christmas

By Richard Marsh

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.—A lively family will accept a gentleman as paying guest to join them in spending an old-fashioned Christmas in the heart of the country."

That was the advertisement. It had its points. I was not sure what in this case an old-fashioned Christmas might happen to mean. I imagined there were several kinds of "old-fashioned" Christmases; but it could hardly be worse than a chop in my chambers, or—horror of horrors!—at the club, or my cousin Lucy's notion of what she calls the "festive season." Festive? Yes! She and her husband, who suffers from melancholia, and all the other complaints which flesh is heir to, and I, dragging through what I call a patent-medicine dinner, and talking of everybody who is dead and gone, or else going, and of nothing else.

So I wrote to the advertiser. The reply was written in a sprawling, feminine hand. It was a little vague. It appeared that the terms would be five guineas; but there was no mention of the length of time which that fee would cover. I might arrive, it seemed, on Christmas Eve, but there was no hint as to when I was to go, if ever. The whole thing was a trifle odd. There was nothing said about the kind of establishment which was maintained or the table which was kept. No references were offered or asked for. It was merely stated that "we're a very lively family, and if you're lively yourself you'll get on uncommonly well." The letter was signed "Madge Wilson."

❦

Now it is a remarkable thing that I have always had an extraordinary predilection for the name Madge. I do not know why. I have never known a Madge. And yet, from my boyhood upward I have desired to meet one. Here was an opportunity offered. She was apparently the careworn mother of a "lively family." Under such circumstances she was hardly expected to be "lively" herself; but her name was Madge, and it was the accident of her Christian name which decided me to go.

I had no illusions. No doubt the five guineas were badly wanted; even a "lively family" would be hardly likely to advertise for a perfect stranger to spend Christmas with them if they were not. I did not expect a princely entertainment. Still I felt that it could hardly be worse than a chop or Cousin Lucy; the subjects of her conversation I never cared about when they were alive, and I certainly do not want to talk about them now they are dead. As for the "pills" and "drops" with which her husband doses himself between the courses, it makes me ill even to think of them.

On Christmas Eve the weather was abominable. All night it had been blowing and raining. In the morning it began to freeze. By the time the streets were like skating-rinks it commenced to snow. And it kept on snowing; indeed, it turned out to be quite a record in the way of snowstorms: hardly the sort of weather to start for an unknown destination "in the heart of the country." But at the last moment I did not like to back out. I said I would go, and I meant to go.

I had been idiot enough to load myself with a lot of Christmas presents without the faintest notion why. I had not given a Christmas present for years—there had been no one to give them to. Lucy cannot bear such trifling, and her husband's only notion of a present at any time was a gallon jar of somebody's Stomach Stirrer. I am no dealer in poisons. I knew nothing of the people I was going to. The youngest member of the family might be twenty, or the oldest ten. No doubt the things I had bought would be laughed at; probably I should never venture to offer them. Still, if you have not tried your hand at that kind of thing for ever so long, the mere act of purchasing is a pleasure.

❦

I had never enjoyed "shopping" so much since I was a boy. I felt quite lively myself as I mingled with the Christmas crowd, looking for things which might not turn out to be absolutely preposterous. I even bought something for Madge—I mean Mrs. Wilson. Of course I knew that I had no right to do anything of the kind, and was aware that the chances were a hundred to one against my ever presuming to hint at its existence.

I was actually ass enough to buy something for her husband: a box of cigars. What the "lively family" would think of a perfect stranger arriving burdened with rubbish, as if he had known them all their lives, I did not dare to think. No doubt they would set him down as a lunatic.

It was a horrible journey. The train jolted along in a laborious fashion at the rate of about six miles an hour, stopping at every roadside hovel. I counted seven in a distance, I am convinced, of less than twenty miles. When at last I reached Crofton, my journey's end, it turned out that the station staff consisted of a half-witted individual who was station master, porter and clerk combined, and a hulking lad who did whatever else there was to do. No one had come to meet me; the village was "about half a mile," and Hangar Dene, the house for which my steps were bent, "about four miles by the road"; how far it was across fields my informant did not mention.

There was a trap at the Boy and Blunderbuss, but that required fetching. Finally the hulking lad was dispatched. It took him some time, considering the distance was only "about half a mile." When the trap did appear it looked to me uncommonly like an open spring cart. In it I was deposited with my luggage. The snow was still descending in whirling clouds. Never shall I forget the drive in that miserable cart, through the storm and those pitch-black country lanes. We had been jogging along some time before the driver opened his mouth.

"Be you going to stop with the Wilsons?"

"I am."

"Ah!"

There was something in the tone of his "Ah!" which whetted my curiosity, near the end of my tether though I was.

"Why do you ask?"

"It be about time as some one were to stay with them as were a bit capable like."

I did not know what he meant. I did not ask. I was beyond it. I was chilled to the bone, wet, tired, hungry. I had long been wishing that an old-fashioned Christmas had been completely extinct before I had thought of adventuring in quest of one.

❦

We passed through a gate, which I had to get down to open, along some sort of avenue. Suddenly the cart pulled up.

"Here we be."

That might be so. It was a pity he did not add where "here" was. There was a great shadow, which possibly did duty for a house, but, if so, there was not a light in any of the windows, and there was nothing visible in the shape of a door. The whereabouts of this, however, the driver presently made clear.

"There be the door in front of you; you go up three steps, if you can find 'em. There's a knocker, if none of 'em haven't twisted it off. If they have, there's a bell on your right, if it isn't broken."

There appeared to be no knocker, though whether it had been "twisted" off was more than I could say. But there was a bell, which creaked with rust, though it was not broken. I heard it tinkle in the distance. No answer; though I allowed a more than decent interval.

"Better ring again," suggested the driver. "Hard. Maybe they're up to some of their games and wants rousing."

Was there a chuckle in the fellow's voice? I rang again and again with all the force I could. The bell reverberated through what seemed like an empty house.

"Is there no one in the place?"

"They're there right enough. Where's another thing. Maybe on the roof or in the cellar. If they know you're coming, perhaps they hear and don't choose to answer. Better ring again."

I sounded another peal. Presently feet were heard

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

AND NOW THERE IS A LITTLE MADGE

advancing along the passage—several pairs, it seemed—and a light gleamed through the window over the door. A voice inquired:

"Who's there?"

"Mr. Christopher, from London."

The information was greeted with what sounded uncommonly like a chorus of laughter. There was a rush of retreating feet, an expostulating voice, then darkness again, and silence.

"Who lives here? Are the people mad?"

"Well—thereabouts."

Once more I suspected the driver of a chuckle. My temper was rising. I had not come all that way, and subjected myself to so much discomfort, to be played tricks with. I tolled the bell again.

After a few seconds' interval the pit-pat of what was obviously one pair of feet came toward the door. Again a light gleamed through the pane. A key was turned, a chain unfastened, bolts withdrawn; it seemed as if some one had to drag a chair forward before one of these latter could be reached. After a vast amount of unfastening, the door was opened, and on the threshold there stood a girl with a lighted candle in her hand. The storm rushed in; she put up her hand to shield the light from danger.

"Can I see Mrs. Wilson? I'm expected. I'm Mr. Christopher, from London."

"Oh!"

That was all she said. I looked at her; she at me. The driver's voice came from the background.

"I drove him over from the station, Miss. There be a lot of luggage. He do say he's come to stay with you."

"Is that you, Tidy? I'm afraid I can offer you nothing to drink. We've lost the key of the cellar, and there's nothing out except water, and I don't think you'd care for that."

"I can't say rightly as how I should, Miss. Next time will do. Be it all right?" The girl continued to regard me.

"Perhaps you had better come inside."

"I think I had."

I went inside; it was time.

"Have you any luggage?" I admitted that I had.

"Perhaps it had better be brought in."

"Perhaps it had."

"Do you think that you could manage, Tidy?"

"The mare, she'll stand still enough. I should think I could, Miss."

By degrees my belongings were borne into the hall, hidden under an envelope of snow. The driver was paid, the cart disappeared, the door was shut; the girl and I were alone together.

"We didn't expect that you would come."

"Not expect me? But it was all arranged; I wrote to say that I should come. Did you not receive my letter?"

"We thought that you were joking."

"Joking! Why should you imagine that?"

"We were joking."

"You were? Then I am to gather that I have been made the subject of a practical joke, and that I am an intruder?"

"Well, it's quite true that we did not think you were in earnest. You see, it's this way: we're alone."

"Alone? Who are 'we'?"

"Well, it will take a good while to explain, and you look tired and cold."

"I am both."

"Perhaps you're hungry?"

"I am."

"I don't know what you can have to eat, unless it's to-morrow's dinner."

"To-morrow's dinner!" I stared. "Can I see Mrs. Wilson?"

"Mrs. Wilson? That's mamma. She's dead."

"I beg your pardon. Can I see your father?"

"Oh, father's been dead for years."

"Then to whom have I the pleasure of speaking?"

"I'm Madge. I'm mother now."

"You are—mother now?"

"The trouble will be about where you are to sleep—unless it's with the boys. The rooms are all topsy-turvy, and I'm sure I don't know where the beds are."

"I suppose there are servants in the house?"

She shook her head.

"No. The boys thought that they were nuisances, so we got rid of them. The last went yesterday. She wouldn't do any work, so we thought she'd better go."

"Under those circumstances I think you were right. Then am I to understand that there are children?"

"Rather!"

As she spoke there came a burst of laughter from the other end of the passage. I spun around. No one was in sight. She explained.

"They're waiting around the corner. Perhaps we'd better have them here. You people, you'd better come and let me introduce you to Mr. Christopher."

A procession of boys and girls began to appear from around the corner. In front was a girl of about sixteen. She advanced with outstretched hand and an air of self-possession which took me at a disadvantage.

"I'm Bessie. I'm sorry we kept you waiting at the door, but the fact is that we thought it was Eliza's brother who had come to insult us again."

"Pray, don't mention it. I am glad that it was not Eliza's brother."

"So am I. He is a dreadful man."

I shook hands with the rest of them. There were six more: four boys and two girls. They formed a considerable congregation as they stood eying me with inquiring eyes. Madge was the first to speak.

"I wondered all along if he would take it as a joke, and you see he hasn't. I thought it was a risky thing to do."

"I like that! You keep your thoughts to yourself, then. It was you who proposed it. You said you'd been reading about something of the kind in a story, and you voted for our advertising ourselves for a lark."

The speaker was the biggest boy, a good-looking youngster with sallow cheeks and shrewd black eyes.

"But, Rupert, I never meant it to go so far as this."

"How far did you mean it to go, then? It was your idea all through. You sent in the advertisement, you wrote the letters, and now he's here. If you didn't mean it, why didn't you stop his coming?"

"Rupert!"

The girl's cheeks were crimson. Bessie interposed.

"The thing is, that as he is here it's no good worrying about whose fault it is. We shall simply have to make the best of it." Then, to me, "I suppose you really have come to stay?"

"I confess that I had some notion of the kind—to spend an old-fashioned Christmas." At this there was laughter, chiefly from the boys. Rupert exclaimed:

"A nice sort of old-fashioned Christmas you'll find it will be. You'll be sorry you came before it's through."

"I am not so sure of that."

There appeared to be something in my tone which caused a touch of silence to descend upon the group. They regarded each other doubtfully, as if in my words a reproof were implied. Bess was again the spokeswoman.

"Of course, now that you have come we mean to be nice to you—that is, as nice as we can. Because the thing is that we're not in a condition to receive visitors. Do we look as if we were?"

To be frank, they did not. Even Madge was a little unkempt, while the boys were in what I believe is the average state of the average boy.

"And," murmured Madge, "where is Mr. Christopher to sleep?"

"What is he to eat?" inquired Bessie. She glanced at my packages. "I suppose you have brought nothing with you?"

"I'm afraid I haven't. I had hoped to find something ready for me."

Again they peeped at each other as if ashamed. Madge repeated her former suggestion.

"There's to-morrow's dinner."

"Oh, hang it!" exclaimed Rupert. "It's not so bad as that. There's a ham."

"Uncooked."

"You can cut a steak off, or whatever you call it, and have it broiled."

A meal was got ready, in the preparation of which every member of the family took a hand. And a room was found for me in which were a blazing fire and traces of recent feminine occupation. I suspected that Madge had yielded her own apartment as a shelter for the stranger. By the time I had washed and changed my clothes the impromptu dinner, or supper, or whatever it was, was ready.

A curious repast it proved to be, composed of oddly contrasted dishes, cooked—and sometimes uncooked—in original fashion. But hunger, that piquant sauce, gave it a relish of its own. At first no one seemed disposed to join me. By degrees, however, one after another found a knife and fork, until all the eight were seated with me around the board, eating, some of them, as if for dear life.

"The fact is," explained Rupert, "we're a rum lot. We hardly ever sit down together. We don't have regular meals, but whenever any one feels peckish he goes and gets what there is and cooks it and eats it on his own hook!"

"It's not so bad as that," protested Madge, "though it's pretty bad."

It did seem pretty bad, from the conventional point of view. From their conversation, which was candor itself, I gleaned details which threw light upon the peculiar position of affairs. It seemed that their father had been dead some seven years. Their mother, who had always been delicate, had allowed them to run nearly wild. Since she died, some ten months back, they appeared to have run quite wild. The house, with some six hundred acres of land, was theirs, and an income as to whose exact amount no one seemed quite clear.

"It's about eight hundred a year," said Rupert.

"I don't think it's quite so much," doubted Madge.

"I'm sure it's more," declared Bessie. "I believe we're being robbed."

I thought it extremely probable. They must have had peculiar parents. Their father had left everything absolutely to their mother, and the mother in her turn everything in trust to Madge, to be shared equally among them all. Madge was an odd trustee. In her hands the household had become a republic in which every one did exactly as he or she pleased.

The result was chaos. No one wanted to go to school, so no one went. The servants, finding themselves provided with eight masters and mistresses, followed their example and did as they liked. Consequently, after sundry battles royal—lively episodes some of them had evidently been—one after the other had been got rid of, until now not one remained. Plainly the house must be going to rack and ruin.

"But have you no relatives?" I inquired.

Rupert answered.

"We've got some cousins or uncles, or something of the kind, in Australia, where, so far as I'm concerned, I hope they'll stop."

When I was in my room, which I feared was Madge's, I told myself that it was a queer establishment on which I had alighted. Yet I could not honestly affirm that I was sorry I had come. I had lived such an uneventful and such a solitary life, and had so often longed for some one in whom to take an interest, that to be plunged all at once into the centre of this troop of boys and girls was an accident which, if only because of its novelty, I found amusing. And then it was so odd that I should have come across a Madge at last!

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

I HAD BEEN IDIOT ENOUGH TO LOAD MYSELF WITH A LOT OF CHRISTMAS PRESENTS WITHOUT THE FAINTEST NOTION WHY

In the morning I was aroused by noises the cause of which at first I could not understand. By degrees the explanation dawned on me. The family was putting the house to rights. A somewhat noisy process it seemed. Some one was singing, some one else was shouting, and two or three others were engaged in a heated argument. In such loud tones was it conducted that the gist of the matter traveled up to me.

"How do you think I'm going to get this fire to burn if you beastly kids keep messing it about? It's no good banging at it with the poker till it's alight."

The voice was unmistakably Rupert's. There was the sound of a scuffle, cries of indignation, then a girlish voice pouring oil upon the troubled waters. Presently there was a rattle and clatter as if some one had fallen from the top of the house to the bottom. I rushed to my bedroom door.

"What on earth has happened?"

A small boy was outside—Peter. He explained:

"Oh, it's only the broom and the dustpan gone tobogganing down the stairs. It's Bessie's fault; she shouldn't leave them on the landing."

Bessie, appearing from a room opposite, disclaimed responsibility.

"I told you to look out where you were going, but you never do. I'd only put them down for a second, while I went in to empty a jug of water on to Jack, who won't get out of bed, and there are all the boots for him to clean."

Injured tones came through the open portal.

"You wait, that's all! I'll soak your bed to-night—I'll drown it. I don't want to clean your dirty boots; I'm not a shoeblack."

The breakfast was a failure. To begin with, it was inordinately late. It seemed that a bath was not obtainable. I had been promised some hot water, but as I waited and waited and none arrived I proceeded to break the ice in my jug—it was a bitterly cold morning; nice "old-fashioned" weather—and to wash in the half-frozen contents. As I am not accustomed to perform my ablutions in partially dissolved ice, I fear that the process did not improve my temper.

It was past eleven when I got down, feeling not exactly in a Christmassy frame of mind. Every thing and every one seemed at sixes and sevens. It was after noon when breakfast appeared. The principal dish consisted of eggs and bacon; but as the bacon was fried to cinders and the eggs were all broken it was not so popular as it might have been. Madge was moved to melancholy.

"Something will have to be done! We can't go on like this! We must have some one in to help us!"

Bessie was sarcastic.

"You might give Eliza another trial. She told you if you didn't like the way she burned the bacon, to burn it yourself, and as you've followed her advice she might be able to give you other useful hints on similar lines."

Rupert indulged himself in the same vein.

"Then there's Eliza's brother. He threatened to knock your blooming head off for saying Eliza was dishonest just because she collared everything she could lay her hands on; he might turn out a useful sort of creature to have about the place."

"It's all very well for you to laugh, but it's beyond a jest. I don't know how we're going to cook the dinner."

"Can I be of any assistance?" I inquired. "First of all, what is there to cook?"

It seemed that there were a good many things to cook. A turkey, a goose, beef, plum-pudding, mince pies, custard, sardines—it seemed that Molly, the third girl, as she phrased it, could "live on sardines," and esteemed no dinner a decent dinner at which they did not appear—together with a list of etceteras half as long as my arm.

"One thing is clear; you can't cook all those things to-day."

"We can't cook anything."

This was Rupert. He was tilting his chair back, and had his face turned toward the ceiling.

"Why not?"

"Because there's no coal."

"No coal?"

"There's about half a scuttleful of dust. If you can make it burn you'll be clever."

What Rupert said was correct. Madge confessed, with crimson cheeks, that she had meant, over and over again, to order some coal, but had continually forgotten it, until finally Christmas Day had found them with an empty cellar. There was plenty of wood, but it was not so dry as it might have been, and the grate was not constructed to burn wood.

I began to rub my chin. Considering the breakfast we had had, from my point of view the situation commenced to look really grave. I wondered if it would not be possible to take the whole eight somewhere where something really eatable could be gotten. But when I broached the subject I learned that the thing could not be done. The nearest hostelry was the Boy and Blunderbuss, and it was certain that nothing eatable could be had there, even if accommodation could be found for us at all. Nothing in the shape of a house of public entertainment was to be found closer than the market town, eight miles off; it was unlikely that even there a Christmas dinner for nine could be provided at a moment's notice. Evidently the only thing to do was to make the best of things.

When the meeting broke up Madge came and said a few words to me alone.

"I really think you had better not stay."

"Does that mean that you had rather I went?"

"No; not exactly that."

"Then nearly that?"

"No; not a bit that. Only you must see for yourself how awfully uncomfortable you'll be here."

"My dear Madge"—everybody called her Madge, so I did—"even if I wanted to go, which I don't—and I would remind you that you contracted to give me an old-fashioned Christmas—I don't see where there is that I could go."

"Of course, there's that. I don't see, either. So I suppose you'll have to stay. But I hope you won't think that I meant you to come to a place like this—really, you know."

"I'm sorry; I had hoped you had."

"That's not what I mean. I mean that if I had expected you I would have seen that things were different."

"How different? I assure you that things as they are have a charm of their own."

"That's what you say. You don't suppose that I'm so silly as not to know you're laughing at me? But as I was the whole cause of your coming, I hope you won't hate the others because of me."

She marched off, brushing with an impatient gesture some rebellious locks which had strayed upon her forehead.

That Christmas dinner was a success—positively—of a kind; let that be clearly understood. I am not inferring that it was a success from the point of view of a *chef de cuisine*. Not at all; how could it be? Quite the other way. By dint of ransacking all the rooms and emptying all the scuttles we collected a certain amount of coal, with which, after adding a fair proportion of wood, we managed—not brilliantly, but after a fashion.

I can only say, personally, I had not enjoyed myself so much for years. I really felt as if I were young again; I am not sure that I am not younger than I thought I was. I must look the matter up. And, after all, even if one be, say, forty, one need not be absolutely an ancient. Madge herself said that I had been like a right hand to her; she did not know what she would have done without me.

Looking back, I cannot but think that if we had attempted to prepare fewer dishes something might have been properly cooked. It was a mistake to stuff the turkey with sage and onions; but as Bessie did not discover that she had been manipulating the wrong bird until the process of stuffing had been completed, it was felt that it might be just as well to let it rest. Unfortunately, it turned out that some thyme, parsley, mint and other things had got mixed with the sage, which gave the creature quite a peculiar flavor; but as it came to table nearly raw, and as tough as hickory, it really did not matter.

My experience of that day teaches me that it is not easy to roast a large goose on a small oil stove. The dropping fat caused the flame to give out a strong-smelling and most unpleasant smoke. Rupert, who had charge of the operation, affirmed that it would be all right in the end. But by the time the thing was served it was as black as my hat. Rupert said that it was merely brown, but the brown was of a sooty hue. We had to have it deposited in the ash-bin.

I dare say that the beef would not have been bad if some one had occasionally turned it, and if the fire would have burned clear. As it was, it was charred on one side and raw on the other and smoked all over. The way in which the odor and taste of smoke permeated everything was amazing. The plum-pudding came to the table in the form of soup, and the mince pies were nauseous.

Luckily we came upon a tin of corned beef in a cupboard, and with the aid of some bread and cheese and other odds and ends we made a sort of picnic. Incredible though it may seem, I enjoyed it. If there was anywhere a merrier party than we were I should like to know where it was to be found. When I produced the presents, in which a happy inspiration had urged me to invest, the enthusiasm reached a climax.

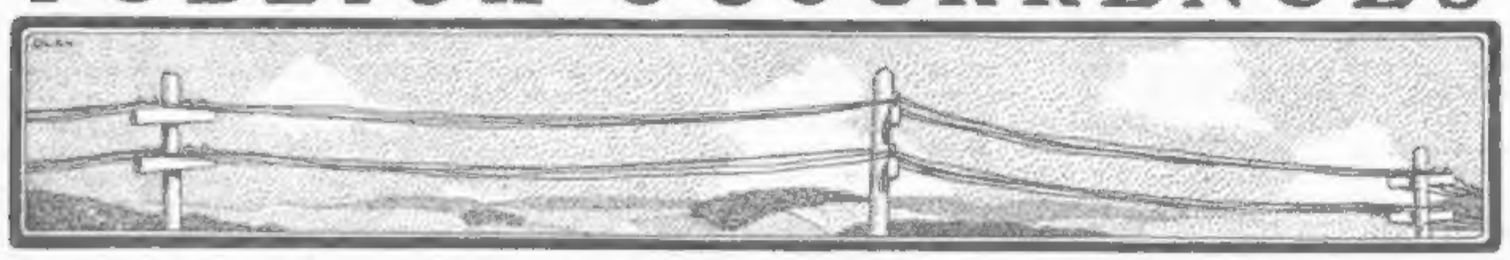
That was my first introduction to the "lively family." They came up to the description they had given of themselves. I speak from knowledge, for they have been my acquaintances now some time—more than acquaintances: friends; the dearest friends I have. At their request I took their affairs in hand, Madge informally passing her trusteeship on to me. Things are very different with them now. The house is spick and span. There is an excellent staff of servants. Hangar Dene is as comfortable a home as there is in England. I have spent many a Christmas under its roof.

The boys are out in the world, after passing with honor through school and college. The girls are going out into the world also. Bessie is actually married. Madge is married, too. She is Mrs. Christopher. That is the part of it all which I find the hardest to understand—to have told myself my whole life long that the name of my ideal woman would be Madge, and to have won that woman for my own at last! I thought that I was beyond that kind of thing—that I was too old. But Madge seemed to think that I was young enough. And she thinks so still. And now there is a little Madge, who is big enough to play havoc with the sheets of paper on which I have been scribbling.

DRAWN BY HENRY HUTT

"CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?" I INQUIRED.
"FIRST OF ALL, WHAT IS THERE TO COOK?"

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"



The Effect of Good Times on Charity

As we are approaching Christmastide, it is pleasant to think that the calls of charity this year have been fewer than usual, although there is no telling when a great stress of weather may test to the limit the benevolent equipment of every community. The cause of the good reports is unquestionably the prevalence of better times. There are certain kinds of misfortunes which seem to increase both under sunshine and adversity, such as insanity and disease; but that larger number who live from hand to mouth, who have to be taken care of when the rainy days come, is naturally augmented by business depression and by the closing of the mills.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has made inquiries in different cities, and it finds some rather interesting facts. For instance, the societies for the prevention of cruelty to children are having less trouble than they have had for several years, because when there is a weekly income in the home the little ones generally get their share of it. There are two trades—they need not be mentioned here—which seem almost to monopolize this sort of inhumanity, but it is largely due to the fact that both are almost cruelly sedentary, and the results in bad temper, brutality and neglect are visited upon the most helpless of the race, the little ones. Then, too, there is less wife-beating than usual, showing that a full larder furthers the domestic peace.

There is no form of charity which reflects the condition of the times like that which attends to the transportation of stranded persons. The idea is that it is not only better but cheaper to keep the outside visitor moving than to entertain him at the public expense. Some cities pay for the tickets out of the municipal treasury; some have charitable organizations to attend to it. So far this year the call for assistance of this sort has been below normal, showing again that the people are better prepared to pay their way. It is the experience of every person in the large centres of population that the applications for relief, both upon the street and at the back door, are less than usual, although this is not a real criterion of the situation. The beggar class and the tramp class, in spite of all the sympathetic literature, are apart from the great American life of to-day. They may tell fine stories, and touching pathos may be written about them, but, as a matter of fact, they represent worthlessness, and are shiftless and, as a rule, undeserving. They simply do not want to work, and they live upon the public. Nine cases out of ten, pity for them is entirely misplaced. Practically every contribution made to a tramp is not only money thrown away but money spent against the public welfare. Consequently the modern disposition to treat these drones as enemies of society is based upon sound principle.

Americans with the Proper Spirit

A few months ago a town in one of the Eastern States was nearly destroyed by fire. The heart of it was eaten out by the flames; and more than one-half of its population, including its small tradesmen and many of its poorer working people, were left without shelter, food or resources. It was not a place of large wealth, or of any special public or private liberality. It was a plain, unemotional, practical, sensible community of about two thousand people, which attended to its business very quietly and was satisfied with its routine life. A lady who has one of the largest houses in this place, that fortunately escaped, told the writer of her experiences. She and her husband spent the night in seeking those whom they might shelter, but so prompt had been the action of other fortunate ones and the hospitality of the country around, that practically everybody was cared for. Then they placed their store of provisions for the general good and gave an invitation to breakfast. Only fifteen responded. All the others were being fed.

PHOTO BY GUTEKUNST, PHILA.

PHILIP C. GARRETT

Then came to the town the problem of rebuilding. The idea of asking for outside aid was frowned upon. From their slender resources the people went to work to put up shelter, living somehow, some way. Those who had money extended credit, and within two months the town was pursuing a regular life, with a new spirit of enterprise that had risen phenix-like from the ashes. This was an average case of American grit and independence. Normally, this large community of two thousand people has no one to support on charity, and disaster served only to enable it to rise to a better life than it had ever known before. It was—and is—typical of the real strongholds of American character—the American towns.

When we look at such an instance as this and then contemplate the figures of crime, pauperism, disease and insanity, it is hard to understand where all the victims of indolence and heredity come from; but they are here and are increasing. It is, of course, largely due to the crowded and unsanitary conditions of the centres of population and to immigration.

The Modern Idea of Helping the Poor

The bright side of this question is the enormous work that has been done—especially the greater work that is promised. The modern idea is, that it is better to give a man a job than to feed him; better to make him independent than to pauperize him; better to improve the race by enlightened methods than to cheapen it by almsgiving.

Most of the present generation can remember when they hurried by institutions and almshouses with mingled fear and pity. It was not until a quarter of a century ago that charities and corrections formed a topic important enough for a national gathering, and then the attendance was a mere handful. Even now, after these twenty-five years of heroic work and self-sacrifice on the part of noble men and women, not one-fourth of the States have official supervision for the dependent and erring. Still, all this is being rapidly changed, and the time is approaching when the whole question will be treated with the care and accuracy of a scientific problem.

The greatest foe to the progress of these reforms has been politics, for no sooner is an institution which must have public support established than the bosses and the wire-workers demand whatever spoils it contains, regardless of the security of human life or of the need of the best skill and training that can be found. It is pleasant to notice that in the recent meetings of charity organizations a new note has been struck. They no longer merely deplore spoils politics as an evil, but are beginning to attack it as an insufferable nuisance. The aggressive attitude must perforce have a fine effect in results, and after a while the politicians will hold their hands as much aloof from the charity and penal institutions and the organizations as they do from the churches.

Then, too, these various undertakings for the alleviation of suffering and the cure of diseases are having a new meaning for the people, who will soon, through taxes or by personal donations, support them as liberally and as readily as they do the same churches. In some of the cities it may be said, as Mr. Joseph H. Choate not long ago remarked of New York, "There is not an ill that flesh is heir to; there is not a weakness nor infirmity known to human nature for which ample provision for relief is not made with rich profusion by the citizens." Still, with all this, the fact remains that in many sections of the country some of the very poor are unfed, the insane are inadequately housed, the dependent children are not rightly attended to, and pauperism is increased by bad methods instead of being diminished by organized efforts.

The Great Scope of the Problem

In this country there is no reason why any individual should ever suffer for food, shelter, clothing or medical attention. It seems a broad thing to say, but a slight consideration of the food supply, the cotton and wool crop, the number of houses, and the numerous physicians and institutions will at once show that if all did their duty and sought to the extent of their abilities to earn their way there would be that distribution which would afford plenty for each and every one. Of course, out of this calculation must be taken the several hundred thousand insane, feeble-minded and incompetent. We accept those as responsibilities.

The point is that there is plenty for everybody in this country, and if those who complain the most would only work a little harder they would come nearer getting their share. As it is, there are worthless and criminal persons in all sections, and they fall as burdens upon the workers. It probably never strikes the drone of the family that in not doing his duty he is making all the others work harder. But that is a great fact. Now, modern charity will in the end distribute the weight of the burden more equitably, and it will not only do that, but it will so change the burden as to relieve some of the weight even in the aggregate.

In bygone years probably one-half of the charity has been pure fraud. The recipients have robbed it unmercifully, and the managers, having things all their own way, have gotten a large share of the benevolence. Take, for instance, in a large city the system of ready aids for the needy. In former years hundreds of those who least deserved anything would go from one section of the town to the other and lay in provisions for weeks, or they would work the different societies until they were living in comfort by reason of their sharp wit and rascality.

Not only was it necessary to correct these abuses, but the large problem of help itself soon reached important divisions. When the first idea of organization came about, the question of charity and the question of correction were associated, but it has since been seen how necessary it is to keep them apart. For instance, the insane and the feeble-minded and the dependents cannot all have the same kind of treatment, while prisoners and the offenders against the laws of the State or society, or those who fail to measure up to their ordinary duties in life, present other conditions. Already there are nearly a dozen different kinds of charity and correction problems, each of which has its own difficulties.

In all of these the indolent and the worthless man is the yellow dog—and nobody loves him.

The Growth of Charity Organizations

In the days when the institutions were by themselves there were jealousies and bitter competitions, and each, as a rule, preferred to see itself swindled than to acknowledge any dependence upon one of its rivals. It took good men and women a number of years to conquer these silly obstacles, and they have not yet entirely succeeded, but they have certainly combined societies in centres of population so well that now the machinery of charity is remarkably well organized and it requires a sharp rogue to cheat it. Each charity organization society is a clearing-house for the charity organizations of its city or district, and it enables a prompt interchange of views, so that the improvements of the management, of superintendence and of building can be more quickly spread. Thus, simply in a material way, charity has gained more in the past quarter of a century than in all the years that went before it. It is no longer a sentiment, but a business that amounts almost to a profession, with its hired experts, its trained agents as skillful as detectives in discovering fraud, and as remorseless as policemen in their purposes. A complaint is that they have rubbed the finer feeling off the name of charity, but in these days a little thing like that may not make much difference. Then it would not be fair to criticise too severely because some of the persons employed are not very tender-hearted. The men who have brought about charity organizations include the finest thinkers and workers of the country. Men like Bishop Potter, Archbishop Corrigan and Seth Low, of New York; Frederick H. Wines, of Springfield, Illinois; Robert Treat Paine, of Boston; F. B. Sanborn, of Concord; President Gilman, of Baltimore; Joshua L. Bailey, President C. C. Harrison and Philip C. Garrett, of Philadelphia, and hundreds in all parts of the country who stand for what is best in society and citizenship.

PHOTO FROM INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

BISHOP HENRY CODMAN POTTER

The Beauty of Personal Charity

And yet, to most of us, charity by a machine must always seem a heartless thing, and we can fully appreciate the spirit which prompted Bishop Potter at the last great anniversary of charity organization to say: "One hundred years ago most of the works of charity were done, as I maintain it would be best if they could always have been done, by the individual. There are many men and women who remember well the condition of affairs in the New England village when they were boys and girls, when the village charity was entirely unorganized, but was personal and sympathetic. When it touched men and women, as a rule, it did it with the motive of somehow or other representing to them the words which Saint Peter spoke at the beautiful gate of Jerusalem when he took the lame man by the hand: 'Stand upright on thy feet.'"

This is the way we all feel. Now that you have made your contributions to organized charity, and regretted that it was not larger, you still feel that you ought to do something more. You know you do. It is really a greater pleasure to give a ragged, blue-eyed boy a nickel when you know that it is not the right thing to do than to send a check to an asylum for foundlings. This is because the one thing realizes the personal contact, while the other seems so commonplace and unsentimental. Some of the most beautiful charity of the time is that which takes flowers to the sick; which sterilizes the poor baby's milk; which sends a smile to the cheerless bedroom; which reads bright chapters to ears that are still keen, although the eyes are dim; which gives to some one the real touch of human kindness and friendly sympathy which makes about all that there is in the better part of our worldly lives.

So in this month of goodness and generosity, while the societies have a right to make their demands, you may well save a few dollars for personal distribution, even though you run counter to the very plans of the organized institutions which you are helping to support. Better give and make a mistake than not give at all.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

American Journalism in Cuba

The first American newspaper started in Cuba was owned by Thomas Dawley, the war correspondent whose confinement in various Cuban prisons by Weyler before the war almost brought about international complications

"My first paper was published in Santiago and was called the Times of Cuba," said Mr. Dawley. "When the natives heard I was going to print a paper they offered to get me a set of wardrobes. Wardrobes are standing items authorized by the public censor and appertaining to weddings, funerals and births. When any of these domestic events happens the editor goes to the wardrobe, selects one of the items changes the names, sex and dates and puts it into type This saves trouble. I declined the offer because I wanted to be original, but Santiago was conservative, and when I printed some truths about the Cuban Army I was threatened with assassination. A friend told me that I could save myself by hiring a substitute to sit in the office and acknowledge the authorship of any offensive item. This I also declined. Perhaps it was a mistake, for a few days later some of the townsmen came to the office and threw me bodily into the street and ruined my presses and type. My next venture was in another town in another province. I took the same old name and followed the same tactics with the same result The next time the Times of Cuba was started was in Havana. One of the Judges found fault with me because I called him the Filipino Judge, as he had been appointed first by Queen Isabella in Manila. So I was haled to court.

"He held court in his house, and when I called he was eating breakfast I told him that he need not be in any hurry, but he said that the sight of me made him so angry that it took away his appetite and he would open court immediately. It took him about ten minutes to find me guilty and sentence me to prison

"'I'm willing to go to prison,' I said, 'but I have one request to make. During General Weyler's time,' I explained, 'I was allowed the high privilege of residing in every prison of any note on the island except Cabanas, and if it pleases Your Excellency I should like to be sent there I have always had a curiosity to see what this prison is like, and if you will grant me this request I think I shall have established an all around prison record that no other American has ever touched, and this is worth something to me in my business.'

"This put a new phase on the matter, and the Judge said that rather than help me make a record he'd see me hanged, but as he could not do that I was only fined."

A College President's Busy Wife

Mrs. Emma Winner Rogers, wife of President Henry Wade Rogers, of the Northwestern University, is one of the most active women in the West. She has shown fine ability as a writer of articles on sociological topics, and a strong interest in the movements for the educational and social uplift of the people

MRS. EMMA WINNER ROGERS

She was born in Plainfield, New Jersey, and was educated at Pennington Seminary and the University of Michigan. She has been a constant student of social and economic questions, and is a member of the American Economic Association and the American Statistician Association She is President of the Northwestern University Settlement Association in Chicago—in which she has worked with others for eight years for the betterment of the social and municipal conditions among the poorer citizens—and Chairman of the Improved Housing Committee of Chicago, seeking to secure sanitary houses in the poorer districts. She is President of the University Guild at Evanston, Illinois, which promotes the interests of art at the Northwestern University. She is also President of the Chicago Fortnightly at Evanston. For six years she was Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Detroit Conference. During the World's Fair she was connected with the Woman's Committee of Work, and was a member of the Committee on Municipal Order of the World's Congress Auxiliary

This long list of offices sounds rather solemn, but while Mrs. Rogers has a deeply serious interest in the problems and facts of life she is one of the brightest and most attractive personalities imaginable, and she has hosts of friends and admirers. She represents the finest type of the younger college woman who has used her advantages for useful ends and who has found great happiness in her work. An idea of her views of reform can be gathered from this sentence from one of her magazine articles: "I hail with joy the countryward movement as a return to sanity, to the love of Nature, and the appreciation of the beauty and simplicity of life. With our modern ideas and inventions the country is bound to be a paradise of people with souls"; and again, "To restore the proper equilibrium between rural and urban populations is, I believe, one of the factors in the solution of the city problem."

Jokai's Courteous Sarcasm

The recent marriage of Dr. Maurus Jokai the great Hungarian novelist, who is seventy five years old, to a beautiful actress named Arabella Grossnagy, a girl of eighteen, has called to public notice the man's extraordinary personality. Jokai was born in 1825 and from boyhood displayed remarkable physical and mental activity. He manifested talent in many directions. He was successful as an artist, a sculptor, a dramatist, a novelist, a soldier and a revolutionist. His first wife, whom he married at the age of twenty-three, was Rosa Laborfalvy, a talented tragedienne. A year after his marriage he joined the Hungarian revolutionists and fought like a lion by the side of Kossuth

When the insurrection was crushed by Austria and Russia, Jokai, rather than go into exile, preferred to run the risk of death and stay at home. He took another name and soon made it well known by his literary skill When the amnesty bill was passed he resumed his own name, and from that time until the present day has poured forth a torrent of writings. His life work is represented by 350 novels, plays and other works, a larger amount, probably, than the writings of Voltaire, who held the palm for literary fecundity up to within a few years His latest book, The Nameless Castle, has recently been brought out in America, and is another delightful study of Hungarian life and character. Its chief feature is the part played by the Hungarian Army employed against Napoleon Bonaparte in 1809.

Jokai is full of fun in private life, and takes keen pleasure in a joke. Upon one occasion, at Vienna, a Bavarian noble was descanting upon the Hungarian spelling and orthoepy. Jokai listened with grave attention, and when the noble had concluded, bowed and remarked

"We do spell badly, and pronounce even worse, but, Your Excellency, that is a part of our national courtesy; we do it to give foreigners an excuse when they try to speak in our beautiful language."

How the Reporter Astonished Mr. Platt

If Senator Thomas Collier Platt has one peculiarity more pronounced than another it is his discretion. While no political leader in New York is more affable to reporters than Mr. Platt, none gives out less information that he has not thoughtfully prepared than the Republican Boss. In the campaign of 1896 Mr. Platt was a central figure. Anything from him was worth space. It was before the St. Louis convention, and he was supposed to carry in his pocket the seventy two votes of the Empire State. It was about this time that a very young newspaper reporter seated himself among the veteran political reporters in the Amen corner of the Fifth Avenue Hotel where Mr. Platt makes his city home

Every one was expecting an important declaration, but none came. Mr. Platt appeared, as was his custom. He smiled in his usual confidential and somewhat mysterious way and said there was nothing to give out. There was no going behind these returns, apparently, but this young reporter had wisdom beyond his years. Probably that is the reason that he is one of the most successful editors in the country to-d

He followed Mr. Platt out to the street. As they mingled with the evening throng he linked his arm in his.

"Mr. Platt," said he, "you're the biggest politician in New York and I'm the youngest reporter. I've got to get a story from you or lose my job. Now, I don't care a cent what you talk about. But as a friend I would advise you to talk about politics."

Mr. Platt, who is tall, slender and gray-bearded, with a style of humor that can only be characterized as grim, disengaged his arm from that of his young friend and looked at him. He was astonished for the first time in years.

"Well, I haven't got anything to say," he replied "but if you are so dead set on a political story I'll talk to you. I suppose it doesn't make any difference whether I discuss national or local politics so long as it's politics. You seem to insist upon politics." And he did discuss politics to the extent of a column and a half

A Youthful Diplomat

United States Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, has ideas of domestic discipline as well as foreign relations. Several years ago his young son, aged six, importuned him for money, after the manner of small boys.

MRS. GEORGE DEWEY

"What do you want to do with it?" asked his father

"Oh, nothing," responded the boy indefinitely.

"You have plenty of spending money, and I buy everything you need or ought to want Unless there is some special reason, I can't let you have it. There isn't any reason, is there?"

"Not exactly, but I want it. You know how it is, papa; you were a little boy one

This appeal failed to move the Senator's heart, and a silence followed that lasted an hour or more. During this time the father read and the son thought At length he said

"Papa."

"Yes, my son."

"Suppose I were to meet a highwayman on a lonely street late at night"

"Yes, my son

"And suppose he should pull out a pistol and say, 'Little boy! Your money or your life!' What could I do?"

Ten minutes later the Senator's son was whistling to his chum outside his chum's window, with a new silver half-dollar in his pocket

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

A New One by Mark Twain.—Last year, in Vienna, Mr S L. Clemens (Mark Twain) sat talking with a Scotch barrister named Guthrie

"Do you ever smoke?" asked Mr Clemens of Mr Guthrie

"Yes, Mr. Clemens," replied Mr. Guthrie, "when I am in bad company."

"You are a lawyer, aren't you, Mr. Guthrie?"

"Yes, I am"

"Ah," said Mr Clemens, "you must be a heavy smoker

The Poetic Side of Baldness.—Captain Charles Utley, a prominent citizen of Seattle, is not blessed with an abundance of hair. Not long ago he was arguing the advantages of hairlessness to a circle of laughing friends One of them said jeeringly:

"I suppose you will claim that baldness is poetic?"

"Certainly; it is impossible to see a bald man in a brilliantly illuminated room without being reminded of the line, 'In the fierce light which beats about the crown'"

Not the Place for Gridirons.—When the Rev John Watson (Ian Maclaren) was visiting this country he was impressed and astonished at the system of social attractions offered by many churches and other religious bodies. Among these were candy-pulls, clam bakes, chowder parties, melon feasts, chicken-pie dinners and popcorn parties. An enthusiastic believer in this new mode of church entertainment asked the distinguished divine how he liked this style

"It probably has its advantages," returned the Doctor, "but as an old fashioned person I do not like gridirons in the pulpit."

Tit for Tat Up to Date.—Professor John Bassett Moore, who did such excellent work on the Peace Commission at The Hague, has resumed the chair of international law at Columbia University. On the day of his return one of the students composed the following sentiment:

Formerly the Dutch sent much Hollands to New York,
Now New York sends More to the Dutch
The former came over in pieces,
The latter went over on peace"

The Loss of the BUSTER

By H. Phelps Whitmarsh

Author of The World's Rough Hand

"WERE I ever shipwrecked?"

Captain Rattlin smiled in a peculiar way as he asked this question.

Were I ever shipwrecked?" he repeated, sniffing contemptuously and casting his weather eye down the beach in search of a possible customer. "Wy, wot a question to harsk of a master mariner as 'as bin a sailing all over the blessed hocean for nigh onto fifty years! I might as well harsk you young gentlemen if you hever robbed a orchard.'

The old salt laughed loudly at his sally. The three "young gentlemen" from Doctor Kenyon's Academy also laughed

Wy, bless yer innocent 'earts, I've bin cast away more times than there is 'airs on the top of my 'ead."

As the Captain's sou'-wester was jammed down tightly over his ears the boys could not estimate with accuracy the number of his experiences. They were impressed, however, with the statement, and begged that he would tell them one, just one, of his "yarns."

"It's agin my principles," said the Captain, settling himself comfortably on the side of his boat, "to give my hexperiences, except in the way of business. Only the other day a gent as writes for the magazines comes along and says, 'Capting,' he says, 'I've got five gold suverins in my pocket for you if you'll let me take down one of your shipwrecks.'

'Much obliged, sir,' says I, 'but them ere shipwrecks o' mine is part of my stock in trade, and if they comes out in print I'm done for. The parties as goes out sailing in my boat would be saying, 'Wy, Capting, we read that story in the so-and-so, written by the celebrated hauthor, Mr So and so,' and they'd think I was lyin' to 'em. 'No, sir,' I says, 'I'm thankful to ye, but I'm not selling my shipwrecks to-day.'"

The Captain looked out to sea with the air of a man who [illegible] Then he began to cut himself up a pipeful of tobacco in a provokingly slow manner. The boys meanwhile, with a promising knowledge of human nature for their age, were putting their pocket-money together

"This is the wrong end of the week for us to have much pocket-money, Captain," said the boys, "but we should like awfully to have you drink your own health at our expense; and if you'll tell us one of your shipwreck stories we'll promise to keep it secret"

"Of course, on them conditions," said Captain Rattlin, as he dropped the coppers one by one into his capacious pocket, "and seeing as 'ow I'm a dealin' with honorable young gents as knows that fifty years o' salt water makes a man powerful thirsty, on them conditions, I say, I'll relate one o' my shipwrecks

"In the year thirty," began the Captain, "I were second mate of the brig Buster, of Liverpool. She were a rummy looking old booker, built of wood, of course, as all of 'em was in them days, with a square stern and a square bow, and for all the world like them ships they builds by the mile and cuts off at any length to suit. If anything got athwart of 'er bow, she'd punch it along in front of 'er for a day or two. But her stern was as good as a tanps'l in a fair wind; and she were as good a sea boat as ever rode salt water

"The voyage I were in 'er we went clear around the world—that is, we would 'a' done if we'd finished it; and we was out the best part o' two years. Our first port was New York, where we shipped a cargo o' notions—pianners, clocks, music boxes and them kind o' things, for Orstralia My! but that were a lively passage. Every time we struck a good, stiff breeze the music would begin—pianners a-bangin', clocks a strikin', an' the boxes playin' everything from Annie Rooney up to Sunday-school hymns; and when we caught a bit of a gale off the Cape, the Buster were a regular floating music 'all. Ay, but she were full o' chunes

"From Melbourne we took horses up to Calcutta, which were a purty lively trip, too, on account of us running into a couple of cyclones lashed together in the Hindian Hocean, and seeing as 'ow the haninials kicked us black and blue from truck to keelson afore we got into the Hooghly. Then we ran down into Achyab in ballast and took in a load of rice for the Chincha Islands, where there was a lot of Chinese coolies working. After the rice was out the Capting tried to get a cargo of guanner for to take back to Liverpool, but, do all he could, he wasn't able to get more than enough to half fill the Buster, so we set sail for Callao, hoping to pick up some freight there

"Well, by good luck, or bad luck, as it turned out, there were a bloomin' lunatic in Callao as 'ad some sweet pertaters that he wanted took to Liverpool, and arter we loaded down to Plimsoll we started 'ome with the lower hold full of guanner and with four hundred tons of them 'ere wegetables stow'd atop

"Hevery thing went uncommon well until we was well round the 'Orn. We got one or two blows on the way which shook things up a bit and o' course the smell of the guanner were a trifle high, but we soon got used to that, and was werry 'appy, thinkin' we'd soon be back in Liverpool again.

"We'd just run into the south east trades, howsomever, when one morning a big passenger clipper as were sailing to leeward on us hauls up into the wind and signals that she wants to speak us. We, naterally, ups our hellum and runs down to 'er, thinkin' she were in distress We noticed as all the people aboard of 'er was a 'olding 'ankerchiefs to their noses, but somehow we didn't think anything on it until the Capting of 'er began to 'oller through 'is trumpet

"'Ahoy,' he 'ails, 'what brig is that?'

"'The Buster, Liverpool,' answers our skipper

"'What's yer cargo?'

'Guanner and sweet pertaters.'

'Thought you was loaded with rotten eggs and dead mules!'

"'Well, a pose we are,' shouts our Capting, getting 'is dander up 'it's better than being chock block with live hasses. What do you want, anyhow?'

"'I want you to take yer stinking old brig to leeward o' me and my passengers. The smell of you is giving us all typhoid

"'You be blowed,' yells the skipper

"The next minute he gives orders to brace up, and we starts to windward of the clipper again in a jiffy. And it was four days before that clipper got away from us

"Well, after that the old man worrited considerable. 'I'm afraid, Mr. Rattlin,' he says to me one day, 'we must be in what you might call a purty hoderous condition I think you 'd better take all three 'atches off and give us a little hair. I'm not per'cler hanxious,' he says, 'to bust the Buster

"'Wery good, sir,' says I, and I goes to the carpenter's shop for an 'ammer and begins knocking the wedges out o' the main 'atch. And, by George, young gentlemen, it were uncommon fortunate as we didn't wait no longer. Afore I'd given the combin' three taps I sees the middle of the 'atch bulging up'ards. 'Stan' by,' I yells, and the wery next hinstant up she goes. All I hears is a great big puff, which blows me into the scupper, where I lays a looking up into a skyful o' yeller guanner-dust, bits of tarpaulin and sweet pertaters. Ay, uncommon fortunate it were for us that we give 'er that vent. The old man, who had a fine 'ead for figures, reckoned that if we 'ad waited another ten minutes, us and the Buster would a bin in bits all over the South Atlant.

"After such a hexperience we didn't dare close the 'atches at all, and as we 'ad a hextraordinary lot o' rain in the trades, the fust thing we knew them ere sweet pertaters was a sproutin' at the rate o' knots. Ye see, the orful shakin' up we'd 'ad aroundin' the 'Orn 'ad mixed things in the hold purty much. The guanner were all around the wegetables, and the wegetables was into the guanner, and wot with that and the rain and the tropical 'eat, the Buster's hold were a reg'lar forcin' 'ouse.

"NO 'URRY, I S'POSE, IN GETTIN' OUT O' THE CABIN, SIR," I SAYS, SARCASTIC LIKE

Fust off, we didn't think much on it All on us 'ad seen spuds sprout at sea afore, and it never hurted anythink—'cept the spuds. But these 'ere sweet pertaters from South Amerika were a different breed. They ain't like our spuds—they're creepers; they climbs just the same as these 'ere beans they calls scarlet runners, and when they're planted in guanner there's no 'olding 'em back. Well, blow me if in three days the 'atches weren't like a bloomin' jungle, and in a week we knocked off regular ship's work and all hands turned to with their knives a trying to keep down the sweet pertater vines. But, bless yer, it warn't no use; it were just like tryin' to keep back the tide. If we managed to get one of the 'atches on during the day, it 'ud be busted off during the night, and for every vine we'd cut off two 'ud shoot up in its place. By the time we got into the doldrums we'd about give it up as a bad job. It soon got so bad that we couldn't get aloft in any way wotsumever, so we just drifted around in the rain and 'eat o' that 'ere swelterin' latitood, a flyin' signals and a growin' greener every day

"One day, arter we'd been drift.n' about for nigh on to a month, the men came aft through the sort o' tunnel we'd cut under the vines on the starboard side, and wants to see the Capting, if you please

'Well,' says the Capting, stepping on deck, 'wot are you men arter?'

"'Axin' yer pardon, Capting,' says old Spike, the bo'sun, 'but we've 'ad enough'

'You 'ave, 'ave you?' snaps the skipper. 'For 'Eaving's sake, wot more do you want? 'Aven't you got a good ship under yer, and yer full allowance, and ain't yer wages a runnin' on all the time?'

"'We ain't findin' no fault with the grub, Capting, nor yet with the wages, or the orficers. Wot we say is that we shipped on a brig, not on a floatin' island. We can't see nothin' out of this snarl o' tater vines, and every ship will give us a wide berth, thinkin', o' course, we're a hump o' land. Wot we keeps a-harskin' oursel's is, 'ow is it going to end, sir? The insects is a eatin' of us up, and the fowls o' the hair is a buildin' nests aloft It won't be long, sir, afore the Buster'll 'ave snakes and tigers.'

"'Don't dror on that wonderful himagination of yours, Spike says the skipper; 'come to the point'

"'Seeing as 'ow you puts it that way, sir,' says Spike, 'I will. The fact is, sir, we're for leavin' 'er. Hevery man for'ard is for takin to the boats.'

"'Never,' says the old man, looking werry dignified, 'never with my permission. If you men 'ave made up yer minds to such a hunlawful course, I shall not interfere with you But me,' he says 'me and the Buster sinks or swims together.'

"Well, young gentlemen, when the old man says that I feels purty much like cryin'. "'Ere's one, Capting,' says I, 'as'll stan' by yer'

"'Thank you, Mr. Rattlin,' says 'e; 'you're a man. Is there any more men aboard?'

"But there wasn't another hanswer. Even the mate—a chicken-'earted swab, he were—went over to the men's side.

"Next morning they began clearing away three of the boats. It were a tough job, I tell ye, and it were a week before they was ready to start for the African coast, which the mate reckoned were about 700 miles to the eastard. At the last minute the mate stands up in the stern of his boat and begs the Capting and me to go along with them

"'Wot's the sense, Capting,' he says, waving his 'and, 'of you two standing by a mounting o' green stuff like this? You can't save 'er, and she wouldn't be wuth anythin' if you could. She'll go down with yer one o' these days, like a lump o' lead. Leave 'er,' he says, 'you've done yer dooty by the owners; now save yourself.'

"All the hanswer the old man made was to turn on his 'ee and walk into the cabin.

"'Good by,' shouts the mate, when he sees we was determined to stay by the brig. 'Good luck to ye.' And with that the boats shoved off and sailed away.

"About a week arter the men 'ad left us, as I were creep n for'ard to the galley one morning, for o' course I were cook, mate and crew at that time, I noticed that it were like going up hill, and I told the old man about it when I went aft with the coffee

"'Aye,' he says, 'I've known it for two days. She's a settlin' by the stern.'

"'Wot's yer horders then, Capting?' says I. 'We can't stay in this 'ere cabin and be drowned like rats

"'Oh, there's no 'urry, Mr. Rattlin,' 'e says. 'With the cargo she's got in 'er, the Buster'll sink wery slow; in fact, 'e says, 'I doubt wery much if she goes down altogether.'

"'That's comfortin', sir,' says I; 'but don't you think it would be advisable to make a few preparations in case she should go down?'

"'Quite hunnecessary, Mr. Rattlin,' he says. 'When the cabin floor's awash, we'll shift to the fo'c's'le head, and when the bow goes under we'll take to the maintop, and if that ain't high enough we can straddle the cross trees, or hang on to the truck. There's no fear of us bein' starved with all these 'ere wegetables and hinsects aboard, and there's plenty o' rain in these latitoods.'

Just as the skipper were a-talkin' the Buster's stern give a peculiar sort of sag down and stayed there.

"'Eavings!' I says; 'she's beginnin' a'ready. We'd better go for'ard, sir

"'Now, please don't get excited, Mr Rattlin,' he says, as cool as a cowcumber. 'There's no water in the cabin yet'

"'Hexcuse me, sir,' says I, 'but I've got a fam'ly at 'ome as I 'opes to see once more.'

"Well, young gentlemen—you can believe me—I'd 'ardly sat myself down on one of the night-heads when, all of a sudden, the Buster rears up, with 'er jibboom pointin' to the sky and 'er whole stern under water up to the mainmast Nothin' but them 'ere pertater vines prevented me from fallin' and losin' the number o' my mess. O' course, I thinks the old man were gone, and I felt uncommon bad about it, seein' as 'ow he'd allers been a good friend o' mine, and when I had settled myself comfortably on the nose o the figure ead I shed a few tears to his mem ry. In the middle of my mournfulness, howsumever, blow me if the old man didn't poke his 'ead around the bowsprit

"'Oh, 'ere you are, are you,' says 'e. 'I were afraid as you'd fell overboard. I've had a nice refreshin' bath,' he says

"'No 'urry, I s'pose, in gettin' out o' the cabin, sir,' I says, sarcastic like

"'Dear me, no,' 'e says. 'As the water come in at the porthole and skylight I floated up out o' the door. But I must hadmit, Mr. Rattlin, that my calculations was a bit off But now that the brig has taken this position I think you'll find that she'll sink wery slow—certainly not more than three foot a day. The end o' the jibboom is still forty five foot out o' water; so, you see, we'll 'ave 'er under us for at least fifteen days'

"And, sure enough, the old man's figgerin' were correct The Buster settled two foot nine per day to a hinch. Before she got down to the foremast I were able to fill one of the broken coops, as was floatin' around, with sweet pertaters, which I tethered with a stout manila line to the jibboom end In this 'ere way we kep' our provisions with us.

"Lower and lower sunk the Buster 'till at last there was only three foot stickin' out o' the water. Both on us then was lashed with one rope, with the thin end o' the jibboom between us

"'Now, Mr. Rattlin,' says the Capting to me, 'we must get a good night, for the sea will be up to our [illegible]'

We [illegible] says I'll do my best.' But, bless [illegible]

As soon as the sun comes up I says to the old man.

If you've no hobjection, sir,' I says, 'I'll cast off this 'ere lashin' and take to the 'en coop Not but wot I likes yer company, sir, but I'm a-swallerin' a trifle more salt water than is good for my stomnick'

"'By all means, Mr. Rattlin,' 'e says.

"'Ain't you a-comin', too, sir?' says I.

"'Oh, there's no 'urry 'bout me, Mr. Rattlin,' he says 'You see, me and the Buster's bin friends so long I just 'ate to leave 'er.'

I've a sort o' haffection for the old girl myself, sir,' says I; 'but I'm more taken at present with the 'en coop.

"About noon that day I begins to get sort o' hanxious about the old man; though he kep' his face up, I see 'e were shippin' a good deal o' water. But 'e wouldn't leave 'er. I talked to 'im perlite, and I said bad words to 'im I told him 'e were a hijut and a soicide, and did all I could to get 'im to unlash 'isself. But 'e only shook his 'ead, and said, 'She's stood by me this twenty years and now I'll stand by 'er.' And them were his last words.

"'Ow were I saved? Oh, I were picked up by a Cape steamer two days arter. I were takin' a bit o' lunch, when I 'ears a woice behind me savin', 'Wot ship is that?'

'Hen coop number one, starboard side o' the brig Buster,' says I

"With that they sends a boat for me, and——"

At this point Captain Rattlin suddenly stopped. Excusing himself on the plea of "business," he rolled up the beach toward a second edition of himself

"There's only one thing about that story that I don't understand," said one of the boys, after the master mariner was out of hearing. "He says he was picked up by a Cape steamer. Now, there weren't any ocean steamers in 1850."

"Let's ask him about it," suggested one of the listeners.

But it was too late. Captain Rattlin and his companion had disappeared behind the doors of the Ship Inn.

OLD SCHOOL EDITORS

By MURAT HALSTEAD

THE strongest name as an editorial writer that has come down to this generation in the city of Cincinnati is that of Charles Hammond. He held a very dignified position as a leading Whig and eminent member of the bar. His leading Democratic opponent was Mr. Moses Dawson, a writer of great breadth of information in a period of unusual industry and partisan influence. The incident of his life fixed in the public memory is that the wife of Andrew Jackson sent him a suit of Kentucky jeans clothes, and it is tradition that she spun the thread and made the clothes with her own hands. Of the existence of the clothes there is no question. On the way to his inauguration Jackson passed through Cincinnati, stopping at the house of a Mr. Lytle.

Hammond and Lytle were both in high standing as good fellows and, though opponents, had a liking for each other that was a surprise to their friends. It is related that once they had been an afternoon in the enjoyment of each other's wit, when in the evening Mr. Hammond remembered he had to write an article for the Gazette. Lytle accompanied him to the desk, where the task was accomplished with unusual deliberation, Lytle assisting, as the lights were bad, by holding a candle. The next morning he opened the Gazette to find that he had aided in the production of a "leader" abusive of himself, but of such a rare flavor it could not be regretted. One of the successors of Hammond on the Gazette was Colonel Crafts J. Wright, the chum at West Point of Jefferson Davis. Their attachment lasted into old age, surviving the experiences of the war, in which Colonel Wright led an Ohio regiment at the battle of Shiloh. Mr. Davis must have written hundreds of letters to Mr Wright, but not a scrap has been given to the public. One of the Davis letters was shown me by Mr. Wright because it related to a personal matter that Mr. Davis never noticed in public, but about which the friend of his youth was sensitive It covered ten sheets of note paper, and was the most able production from the pen of Mr Davis I remember to have seen. The letter stated so strong a case, where in public opinion the author was weak that it is a pity the indignant statement that made so powerful an impression of candor should be forever restrained, but the silence of Mr. Davis, save in the letter of ten pages, has been successful, for the story is forgotten

Colonel Crafts J. Wright was the first man to pay me money—even so considerable a sum as five dollars—for a newspaper article. The date was 1850, and it appeared in the Liberty Hall and Cincinnati Gazette.

It is a duty in writing recollections to lose no opportunity of instruction. There are many young men in all parts of the country resolved upon journalism as a profession. There is no hindering them, and no one should undertake a task at once hopeless and thankless, but there is a steamboat anecdote in the West that hints the application of a moral

One of the Captains of the river fleet of old time was asked: "Are you going to be on the Jacob Strader?" He replied: "No; it will never do to put too much talent on one boat; the Strader has as much as she can bear now, my weight added would be ruinous."

Two of the most accomplished producers of editorials who appeared in Cincinnati were the Reed brothers—Henry Reed and Samuel R Reed. Henry was the older; it is ha say which was the abler. Both became known to the p of Ohio through the Ohio State Journal. The use of Et and the formal propriety of the style was as perfe the mechanical workmanship. It was the idea of H especially that editors had the rights that lawyers ha true cases for clients, and that fees for fair work were legitimate. Samuel R. was more radical and sharp i victions, and less a philosopher than Henry. Henry le Commercial because he was at variance with the contr interest, and Samuel wearied of the policy of the prop of the Ohio State Journal The war of the States was n off, and many questions were superheated. The able ers came together in the Press.

Each of the brothers wrote two "leaders" per day, was presently seen that there were not only two hand two heads and two voices. Four columns beautifully graphed—for Samuel caught Henry's habit of exact me ments of production—extending into five columns— magnificent, but not war; they did not "bite" the p Those who cared for it found ample elements of disc on the broad, bright editorial page, but not guidance; lectual display, but not administration. There was no much talent" on the paper, but there was too much of the editorial page. The result was failure. The na the Reeds are not identified with what the world calls successes, but they were men who brought to the w journalism uncommon gifts

I have known no man in journalism more strongly o in public affairs than Joseph Medill, of Chicago. He persistent worker, and not even the immense prosperit was at last the reward of his courageous perseverance a his steadfast application to "the paper." As early a he complained of dreadful fatigue, but had an unquen passion for work—what Sam Bowles, the second, called joy of work" The sorrow of it was that fatigue ca soon I remember Medill very well after the great C fire. Bayard Taylor and I were in the city two days the great desolation, and Taylor said of the ruins of th ble structures—the Honoré Building, for example—th fire had in a few hours reproduced some of the most st effects in Greek ruins two thousand years old

The day after the fire Medill secured a job office, a one with a scanty lot of material, and I found him keeping the Tribune alive He succeeded in that, an ceeded also in keeping Chicago out of the mud after th having been elected Mayor for that purpose. Thos dark days, but the greater works, the greater prosper the Tribune and for Chicago, were to come

Mr. Medill was not a stickler for a stiff and formal c tency. He did not hesitate to change—but his ch were as to his feelings about men rather than mea He varied in expression oftener than in principle, and t he had in him the sense of the science of free trade a beauty of theory, he held that it had limitations, and low treatment of his movements did not penetrate the sea soundings over which he extended navigation. T time I saw him, and it was a few weeks before h journey, he was deep in controversy with "Coin" H on one of the phases of the free silver questions—an never more fluent or precise

He told of the correspondence he had with Horace G over the sympathy that great journalist had with Step Douglas as against Abraham Lincoln, when they were before the people of Illinois as candidates for the States Senate. Mr Greeley's letters were destroyed Chicago fire. If Mr. Medill's letters could be found Mr. Greeley's papers they would afford, in his lan "mighty interesting reading." The distinguished j ists denounced each other vigorously. The actual q between them as persons was one of variance as to wh the better serving the anti slavery cause. Greeley tho best to encourage the aberration of Douglas from the the Democratic party, rather than the developm Lincoln, who was securing a marvelous and abidin upon the people of his State. Mr Medill knew Linco and well—heard the first speech in which "he turne self loose" on the slavery questions—and liked him fr time he came into the Tribune office, paid a six month scription for the paper, put down his gripsack and talk hours. Then Medill was "the new editor from Ohio, Lincoln was the country lawyer from Springfield, who knack of saying what the people were glad to hear.

Mr. Medill's version of the views of Mr. Lincoln o ious subjects is of profound interest. He said, "L was a man of free mind and roamed free, looki evidence—in religion as he did in polit part of his life, before great responsibil combination of agnostic and Unitarianism; but late the war darkened and his little boys died, Lincoln help and prayed, and was satisfied that he got it."

At the Peace Jubilee President McKinley treated with great consideration, and listened to him with the attention—and for the last time. On the night of th scene of the Jubilee Mrs. Potter Palmer invited Mr. M the Auditorium. As he looked upon a vast audience last time he said: "I have been here forty years, and everybody who was anybody in the whole city. I sit Palmer's box and look over the immense throng, an no, not half a dozen I know. It seems to me my old are really all gone—that I am half dead myself—an soon go with the rest, and that it is well to go."

In a few weeks, on a day he had telegraphed that better, a telegram from his retreat in Texas told of his and his last "copy" for the Tribune, sent by mail, fo the news that he had finished his work

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Boer Patriotism and Ours

THE achievements of the Boers may have the desirable effect of cultivating a little modesty in us with regard to our own early exploits. We have passed the primitive stage in which we accepted unquestioningly the legend that our Revolutionary forefathers rose in one irrepressible transport of patriotic emotion and smote the British giant as the three hundred of Gideon smote the Midianites, but still it will do us no harm to improve our sense of proportion occasionally by comparing what was really done then with what is going on among other peoples.

The American Colonies had about three million inhabitants at the time of the Revolution. Great Britain and Ireland had about eleven million. The disproportion in numbers, therefore, was between three and four to one. The invading forces had to be brought across the Atlantic in small sailing ships, often taking months for the voyage. As there were no cables, a British disaster could not be repaired before the following season. The standing army at the disposal of England when hostilities broke out did not exceed 20,000 men, and there were only 16,000 in the navy. Even when Parliament began to put the army on a war footing the first addition to the peace forces consisted of only 4383 men, and the Government's plan of campaign in America contemplated an expeditionary force only 10,000 strong.

The Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State have together about 150,000 Boer inhabitants. The United Kingdom now has about 40,000,000, not counting its colonies, which are sending contingents to help it suppress the Africanders. The disproportion, instead of three or four to one, is over 260 to one. The British standing army, not including the forces in India, numbers 180,000 men, and steam transports carry troops to Africa on schedule time by whole regiments to each ship. Besides the regular army, England has hundreds of thousands of organized and trained reserves to which there was nothing to correspond in 1775, and there are over 100,000 men in the navy. The invading force sent against the Dutch Republics is 90,000 strong.

To meet this attack the Boers have raised an army of about 50,000 men, which means that practically every man and half-grown boy among them is in arms. They have concentrated between 20,000 and 30,000 men at Ladysmith. That is more than Washington ever had under his immediate command at any one time in the whole course of our Revolution. He lost the Battle of Long Island with 8000 men, and won that of Trenton with 2000. He had 11,000 men at the defeat of the Brandywine, and 9000 American troops at the victory of Yorktown. There were 11,000 men in the army with which Gates compelled Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga.

If the American Colonists in general had displayed the vigor, public spirit and devotion exhibited by the Boers they would have swept the invaders into the sea, overrun and held Canada, and ended the war in the first year by their own power, with no need to ask help of France. They could have given Washington 100,000 men with less strain than it costs the Boers to give Joubert 20,000, and the resources of the eighteenth century were not sufficient to enable England to transport across the Atlantic an army capable of making head against such a force.

It is only in our time that we find the American people as a whole displaying the splendid energy and self devotion of these South African Dutch. It was in the Civil War, not in the Revolution, that we really showed what Americans could do. And a comparison of the halting efforts which even Washington was not able to stir up to anything like effectiveness with the superb outpouring of life and wealth that answered every appeal of Lincoln and Davis is answer enough to any complaint that the American race has degenerated.

—SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

It generally happens in modern wars that the little fellows are made to pose as the aggressors

The Anxious Hour

NO ONE who listens and thinks can fail to detect the note of anxiety under all the exultant strains of our time. Something vague and large is impending. What it is exactly no one can say. But the pressure of it is like an atmosphere, and it is an atmosphere heavy with events.

It is because these events have disengaged themselves from precedent and seem to belong to an inscrutable chain not of our making that men ponder. Vast movements take place in widely separated countries that confuse the planning of finite minds, and they begin to hint at a common result. Civilized nations hesitate to make war upon each other owing to the vastness of their preparations for such a war. This result was not foreseen. But these same nations are making war in behalf of civilization. Some of them, like the United States, find themselves suddenly engaged in a prodigious undertaking which fifty years ago would have been not only impossible but incredible. What we call progress is becoming a series of surprises. Events are followed by dénouements that laugh at our calculations. We discern in history, even while we make it, a dramatic tendency that suggests an unseen dramatist.

Just at this moment we are asking ourselves, "How came we in the Philippines, and what is it we are going to do there?" Is this part of a cosmical conundrum that is to answer itself? The only national reply that has been made to it by our people is moral, not political. We have a duty to perform there which has some relation to what is taking place elsewhere in the world. England has been forced into the same attitude in relation to South Africa. Russia, the most warlike of European nations, is at present regarding herself with some perplexity as the champion of disarmament, and she finds herself pushing eastward into China with an engineering momentum that astonishes us. What is called colonization is really a new cooperation of physical energies without an alliance, and in this cooperation all the great Powers have informally joined hands.

To think about it with the map of the world in front of us is to measure, with some degree of anxiety, the shortness of time before the dominant forces of civilization shall parcel out and gather in all the waste places of the earth. If the civilized man looks a little tired at times it is because he is trying to keep pace with his own solidarity and to estimate his communal momentum. If he looks backward he asks, "Whither were we drifting?" If he looks ahead he asks, "Whither are we plunging?" He begins to suspect that things are happening larger and better than he knew, and out of all the unrest are some guaranties of new foothold, not only on new soil, but on new truths. Some old scaffolding is falling away from the edifice of our faith. But the abiding structure stands clearer against the blue depths. Back of the smoke and blood some primitive wrongs have disappeared. Now that we can see through the confusion of battalions something of the scope and plan of the stupendous conflict, there is a growing belief in the Generalship. It is unmistakable that organized civilization is showing a *rapprochement* that is extra-political. There is a great law of moral gravitation unfolding itself in the movement of nations as the physical law unfolded itself in the movement of the planets. The whole constellation of Man moves to a Somewhat, whether it will or no.

That is what causes anxiety to the reflective man with a broad outlook, be he Prime Minister, Archbishop, or savant. He is beginning to feel not only the glory but the responsibility of The Way, and here and there as he ponders some new intimations of a millennium come up out of the hoary past and sit down like ghosts beside the majestic march of events.

—C. W[illiams]

The best education is that which keeps people young

Keeping One's Coat On

IN ONE of the large wholesale grocery houses of New York everybody seems so contented, so ready to chat with a visitor on other subjects than a chop of Oolong or the rise in California prunes, that considerable curiosity has been expressed concerning the manner in which this happy condition came about. The firm does not pay large salaries. Its men work just as long as those of competing houses. The secret was revealed by a young man who had been with the firm but a short time.

"When I went into the place," he said, "the President took me under his wing and laid out some work. When I was solid with that he had the chief clerk turn over a few more little jobs. Then he had the manager give me a few additional duties, which seemed to fill up the time to overflowing. A few days ago he had the secretary turn over certain city letters. I tried to attend to all these things, and succeeded for a time. Then came a big rush of business. The others did not seem to work any harder because of it, but it just swamped me. I flew around like a politician after votes on a close election day, but it was no use. The more I worked the worse the snarl became. Finally I got mad, took off my coat, and began to get heated. About this time the President came in and saw something was wrong. He called me into the private office and began to talk in a general way that seemed not in the least useful. He said he preferred to have his people keep their coats on except when the weather was hot, for a man who was not a laborer to take off his coat showed he was too warm or not working properly. If he was too warm he should have the room cooled; if he was working with friction he should oil up the bearings a little. He went on to say that when he was a brakeman he found it always paid to keep all the boxes just as cool as possible. About here I began to see the drift. I went out to my desk, put on my coat, looked over what was to be done, spent five minutes or so in planning how to do it, and finished everything by six o'clock. A few days later I told one of the other men what had been told me. He laughed and said the President had given the same advice to others, so that 'Keep your coat on' was a sort of battle-cry on a busy day."

There seems to be considerable hard sense in that motto—solid value which could be usefully applied in professional circles. It is often said there is a dearth of $5000-a-year men. This cannot mean a dearth of men with the requisite knowledge; such a view is plainly untrue. The lacking faculty or characteristic is the ability to plan instinctively while carrying on other work, so that affairs never become tangled and there is always time for one more undertaking.

One frequent cause of delay and slow work is dawdling over details until they have been developed far beyond the main subject. This is particularly notable among engineers, physicists, and others dealing with measured quantities. Engineers will often report their tests show that power plants develop, say, 1257.31 horse-power. Those decimals look very convincing, yet they are thoroughly fraudulent. Even the unit figure [illegible] for the instruments and methods used in testing power plants are accurate only within two per cent. This is a case of what is meant by uncultivated judgment among specialists. They know the pretended accuracy of their results is ridiculous, yet because they lack business training they keep on publishing such statements as truth. Of course, there are some who have learned better, who appreciate that in their calling, as in every field of human industry, the men who succeed best are those who have trained themselves to recognize instinctively just how much work to put on each part of an undertaking. The ability to plan quickly and surely is the secret of professional as well as business success, for it lies at the bottom of the executive ability of which so much is often written.

—JOHN GOODELL.

There is always plenty of hope for a bad boy, but none for a lazy one

A Plea for Asphalt

IT IS a singular thing, but nevertheless strictly true, that there are people, and cultivated people at that, who actually think more of a tree that may have planted itself than they do of a beautiful strip of asphalt pavement that demanded skill in the mixing and placing. A long avenue paved with asphalt of a sober hue is infinitely to be preferred to a double row of trees.

That city people realize this, and that a healthy sentiment in favor of asphalt in place of trees is arising in the minds of political leaders of thought, is shown by the demolition of what some sentimentalist has called "noble old elms." Every few days we read of an enlightened city government that has "ruthlessly"—again I quote the sentimentalist—swept away a long row of trees that may have been maple or elms but were also chestnuts, and as tiresome as such, and in their place has caused an asphalt pavement to offer soft and yielding footing to tired feet.

In one New England town recently a row of elms so old as to be positively tiresome, in this age of change and development, was hewn down because a certain sum had been appropriated to widen the street. As it happened, every landholder on the street was a sickly sentimentalist and cried out for the salvation of these ancient "landmarks" in a manner more Japanese than American. But politicians are not Japanese in their tendencies; they saw their duty—and the money that was there to be spent. Let us thank fortune that cultivated people are seldom Aldermen.

A tree in the city must feel that it is only there on sufferance, and no self-respecting tree wishes to stay on those terms.

What has made Central Park the success that it has been for a double score of years? Its trees? Not so—its asphalt walks that make the simultaneous trundling of a baby carriage and an innocent flirtation perfectly feasible. But let us go further; let us cut up the sod of the common and let in a sea of asphalt and Central Park will more nearly approach the Aldermanic ideal of what a city pleasure-ground should be. Then gradually eliminate all the trees, letting waves of asphalt sweep over the pits where their roots grappled the earth, and we will have a new park, a paradise for roller-skating, carriage trundling and wheeling, and with a beauty all its own and never dreamed of by the Japanese.

Yes, let the ax hurtle, and wherever a tree has found lodgment in the city, obstructing the viewing of civic parades, convert it into clothespins; let the endless avenues of elms that "adorn" some of our cities be cut down, and let in the glad sunlight and the merry asphalt. And if some old fogies feel the need of trees, let them go to the State reservations and gloat over the rough bark and distorted branches of the "monarchs of the glen."

As for us, give us asphalt!—CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.

Americans *in* Paris

Every successful exposition has had its idea—it has stood for something. In 1889, France celebrated the triumph of iron and the exaltation of the civil engineer. The real symbol of that exposition was the lean giant in iron lace—the Eiffel Tower. It was the apotheosis of iron. Only in a sort of secondary way did it commemorate the French Revolution and the birth of modern civilization.

Even the Chicago exposition had its idea—the intention of being bigger than any exposition had been or need ever be.

And this new fête to which Paris will invite the world next year—what is the idea behind it?

The most careless observer may see in it the celebration of the century—that century which began with Napoleon and ends with ironic peace congresses and snapping wars. And so this exposition is not especially French. It belongs to all nations and all races. It is a fête of humanity. Its historical aim is to trace out the progress that has been made during the hundred years gone by, in all branches of human activity.

All this is very plain, but what is the dominating idea of the exposition? In one word, I should say, electricity. That, after all, is the great scientific miracle of the century. Franklin, spinning his kite up into the blue of the air, is the real symbol of the exposition of 1900. There is no undue novelty in luminous fountains. Arc-lights have sputtered white sparks world over, and the palace of strange electric devices has lost a little of the marvelous. But all that has been done heretofore is child's play to the display that is being prepared here on the banks of the gray old Seine. The nights will be drenched with light. From towers and pillars and domes light will rain down upon the city and the Seine, flowers and petals of light falling ceaselessly. And this, I take it, is the idea—proudly capitalized—of the exposition of 1900.

Of course, not even the serious-minded person can spend all his time adoring a symbol—though it be as fine a symbol as that of old Ben, with his kite string and door-key. Luckily there are other ideas, and more tangible. The French have a pretty fashion of calling these special features of the exposition, *clous*. And so in 1889 the Eiffel Tower was the great *clou*—which is as though one should say, "that nails it." For 1900 there is a whole box of these nails. Great wheels will turn in the upper air. About the Pont Alma, a "midway," gloriously Oriental—or shockingly Oriental, as you please—will spread its fantastic delights. Yonder across the Alma bridge you may rock in a mock steamer, tasting all the melancholy excitement of seasickness, while a panorama of all lands slides by you on the deceptive walls.

* * *

You do not care for this—you who have crossed the thousand leagues of tumbling Atlantic? Perhaps you are right. He must be hard pushed for amusement who should take to this fictive seafaring. And yet there is something attractive in the idea of a [illegible]—in standing under the windy sails on a [illegible]ving deck, while ports and coasts and blue horizons race by with automatic precision. Near by is a droll building which houses a not uninteresting vulgarization of science. It is the siderostat of Foucault, and bears the taking title of the "Moon at One Yard"; all of which has a pretty air of scientific unreality. For my part, I am very superstitious, I believe even in science, and the anticipation of getting within three feet of the moon is pleasurable.

There are many new ideas.

To me the most interesting are the ideas that failed. Here, for instance, is a hole in the ground. It is not a large hole—a mere abortive little hole that goes twisting down darkly into the earth like a demented corkscrew; and even as I write the laborers are shoveling rubbish into it. It was to be three miles deep, this hole. Elevators were to carry one up and down through a climate that varied from polar cold to tragic warmth. Here and there were to be restaurants, subterranean music-halls—the idea that failed. M. Picard, the Commissioner General, a man of extraordinary good sense, put his foot down on that hole in the ground.

Then I remember meeting in M. Picard's offices a dark and stormy little woman; and she, too, had an idea. Her very name had a comic-opera sound: it was Percha. In daily life she sold umbrellas. And she had an idea. She would erect a giant umbrella—Gargantua of umbrellas; the rod of it should tower three hundred feet in the air, a worthy brother of the Eiffel Tower, and in the handle should be (of course) a restaurant; and the umbrella, when spread, should cover one hundred and seventy-five square yards. But the administration would have none of it—an idea that failed.

I failed, too, the idea of bringing the sea to Paris. I rather regret this; it would have been an achievement worthy of our miraculous century; and then it was so simple. Through four conduits the sea water was to be piped from Dieppe and emptied on an artificial beach in the Bois, and while the fifteen thousand bathers disported themselves there huge pumps were to raise an artificial surf. Rather attractive, too, was the futile plan of building a glass theatre under the waters of the Seine.

* * *

A mere catalogue of the ideas that failed would have an air of absurdity. It would seem that a great many simple souls failed to distinguish the sublime from the enormous. Imagination seems to have wrecked itself on schemes for erecting babelesque towers emphatically ugly and perfectly useless. One eccentric genius dreamed of a table that should cover the Champs de Mars. The Eiffel Tower was to be one leg and three similar towers were to serve as the other supports. Fortunately, as I have said, M. Picard is a man of good sense. All these projects he has sent to join the legendary army which is supposed to be besieging the castles in Spain.

After all, there is nothing new under the sun; the ideas that seem to promise the greatest measure of novelty turn out to be old friends with new faces—old dogs in new waistcoats.

The most conspicuous *clou* of the exposition of 1900 is "Vieux Paris"—this picturesque reconstitution of the Paris of the Middle Ages, which was dreamed into brick and stone and wood by the artist Robida. It lies along the right bank of the Seine; it is jostled by Japanese kiosks and Moorish alhambras; near by, in the Cours la Reine, are flippant theatres of farce and sad little wooden booths where tragedies are played by marionettes and puppets; the steam tram whistles past toward Versailles.

Here in these narrow old streets you are in a different world. Out of such slim, dark doorways as these came the Renaissance; in those high garrets the poets of the long ago brooded—singing like linnets in the eaves. There is a church—I know not what—some Saint Eustache of medieval [illegible]—before which the mummers play some mystery or miracle out of ecclesiastic history, a step farther on is some Marché le Roi, where strange medieval figures chaffer over sea fish or linen or grain, and always the crowd passes—figures of *grands seigneurs, grandes dames*, citizens, courtiers, ragged lords of the streets—Esmeralda leading her white goat, Gringoire polishing rhymes and filching apples, and here, at a turn of the street, you come upon the old feudal abbey, its ramparts crowned with pinnacles and peaks, its walls girdled by moats, its gates adorned with a pillory for recalcitrant Christians—it is a journey into the long ago that the end-of-the-century tourist will be long in forgetting.

Another *clou* is the "Ballon Cinéorama"—a combination of balloon and cinematograph. On every side are panoramas, through which one may visit New Caledonia or the Devil's Isle, the Carnival at Nice or the bull fights of Madrid. Here—a little sister of Vieux Paris—is a reconstitution of Andalusia in the time of the Moors, there a representation of cod fishing off the islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon; Japan has sent her dancing girls, and Russia will build a village—has already built a map of France in jasper mosaic, each department a different color, the rivers marked by incrustations of platinum, the sea of lapis lazuli, and the cities signaled by precious stones of the Ural. There are scores of pretty phantasies like this. For instance, the big stores, like the Louvre and the Bon Marché, have provided for their patrons a steamboat service, which will carry them up and down the Seine, and these steamers are the bonniest boats afloat, draped with silk and trailing yards of bright-colored velvet.

It will be merry, the Seine, in the good final year 1900; for among these gorgeous steamers will flit the electric gondolas, and Japanese flower-boats—with songs of geishas and music of tam-tams—will creep to and fro under the historic bridges.

* * *

April 15, at midday, the old cannon of the Palais Royal will boom from the Eiffel Tower, declaring the official opening of the exposition—this great pacific event of the century. For eight years the preparations have gone on; it has been a dance of millions. In 1889, I have said, it was the civil engineer who triumphed, to-day it will be the electrician and the architect. And I am inclined to believe that the great *clou*—the achievement that will appeal most sharply to the imagination—is that wonderful perspective, which stretches from the white palaces of the Champs Élysées over the new bridge Alexander III—between the four towers crowned with ramping Pegasi—and on to the Esplanade des Invalides. There is no such perspective in Europe, nor, I think, in all the world. This is the triumph of which architects have dreamed since the time of Colbert. And when once you have seen it you will be a richer man—an esthetic millionaire. You may forget balloons in the upper air and the moving sidewalks beneath; you may forget all the strange spectacles gathered from the far corners of the earth—temples of the Nizam and the bells of the Kremlin—but you will not forget that stately avenue of palaces that ends at the broad gilt dome beneath which the Emperor sleeps.

—VANCE THOMPSON

* * *

The BOYS *are* There

By Frank L. Stanton

I KEEP a-readin' the papers, for the mother she says, says she
"I reckon they'll have some news to-day of the fightin' over the sea
I wish that the war was ended!" That is her daily prayer
(She made a flag for the regiment, and she knows that the boys are there!)

I 'mind me how that mornin' when we heard the bugles blow
An' the bright brigades were formin', she told the boys to go'
How they left their farewell kisses on her lips an' silver hair,
An' marched away for the flag that day. . . . *She* knows that the boys are there!

For many a message has come to her 'crost the ocean's foamy track
"The flag still waves o'er the regiment—we're beatin' the rebels back"
An' "Love an' life to you, mother, 'neath the home skies sweet an' fair."
Oh, her heart's at sea with her country, for she knows that the boys are there!

But when, in the evenin' shadows, the wail o' the wind she hears
She looks afar where the broad seas are, through a silent rain of tears
An' I say—I say: "They'll be home some day, there'll be a step on the stair,
An' brave, strong arms around you of the boys who are fightin' there"'

An' that is her sweetest comfort, an' her tears they cease to flow
"Oh, I 'mind me—oh, I 'mind me how I told the boys to go!"
"Yes, an' you made a flag for them"—the flag of your country fair——"
With her head on my breast she whispers "I'm *glad* that the boys are there!"

* * *

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

Epilogue

ON CHRISTMAS morning in the year of our Lord 1814, Lady Anne Heathcote, having duly attended to all her religious and gift-giving duties, was seated in the library of Heathcote Hall, while waiting for dinner, to consider the situation over a biscuit and a glass of wine. Two strangers, who were evidently people of distinction, had been present at the services in the parish church that morning. She felt she should know them but since she could not place them her forgetfulness had annoyed her greatly; and the advent of a servant who brought the message "A lady and gentleman from America to see your Ladyship," filled her with a deep sense of relief

Show them up, James," she said condescendingly, condescension being Lady Anne Heathcote's favorite attitude toward humanity in general, whether of high or low degree

Captain Rickets Fairford and Margaret, his wife, for they had been [illegible] to [illegible] in England at the comfortable seat of the hospitable Admiral Hardy, had arrived at the turn of the village of Heathcote on Christmas morning, and after attending the services at the church had walked up to the Hall

Fairford had formed no plan as to how he was to communicate his sad tidings and his identity to his mother, but trusted to the inspiration of the coming moment to direct him in the best way When the door of the library was thrown open and the footman announced the advent of the "gentleman and lady from America," his first impulse, which had been to run toward her, was checked by the ceremonious dignity of Lady Heath

My name is Johnson, madam," began Fairford, "and this lady is my wife"—for the life of him he could not then tell her who he was. "We are from Virginia

Ah, are you one of the Arundal Johnstones, sir asked Lady Anne with rising interest, perhaps with the thought that she [illegible] these persons year [illegible] Virginia

Unfortunately, no, madam," replied Fairford, at which her evanescent interest in that direction vanished again; "but we have business with your Ladyship In short, I am a messenger

Pray be seated, sir, and your wife also. She looks tired. Let me hand you a glass of wine, madam

Thank you, madam said Margaret, not desirous of accepting any hospitality in the present indeterminate condition of affairs, "but just now I need nothing

As the three sat down, the Lady Anne face happened to be in the full light from the window, while Fairford unconsciously had turned his back to it and was in the deep shadow, with Margaret by his side Lady Anne was fighting down an inward feeling of perturbation and anxiety. Nature and pride were beginning a battle royal within her bosom

What is and from whom is your message sir?" she said

I regret, madam, that the news I bring is not good," he replied evasively, at which she started

" You come from Sir James, I presume. I trust he is well. You saw him lately?

About three months since, madam

And did he send the message?

Sir James, I fear——

What is it, sir? Speak!" she cried

I REGRET, MADAM, THAT THE NEWS I BRING IS NOT GOOD

He will send you no more messages Lady Anne," said Fairford gently

The proud old face turned a shade whiter, and the small, graceful hands tightly closed themselves around the arms of the great chair in which she sat. She looked steadfastly out through the uncurtained window across the white fields of the ancient heritage of the Heathcotes, which from to-day would bow before a younger master. Sir James was gone, the gentle husband of her bygone years. She had loved him in her strange way; she had not understood how much until this blasting shock had come upon her How had it happened how could it be? With a sense of having been slighted by Fate, she dropped her head and moaned [illegible]

How was it, sir?" she [illegible]

Fairford briefly recounted the circumstances of her husband's death

" How know you this, sir?" she asked

Madam, I am an officer in the American Navy; I commanded the ship

"I have a son who is a naval officer " she resumed; "he was at the Cape of Good Hope when I last heard from him, in command of the frigate Undaunted. He loved his father dearly, and now he will be Sir Richard, poor boy. And Evelyn Heathcote, Sir James' young kinswoman, what of her? I trust she is well "

Alas! no, madam replied [illegible] bitterly, the evidence of her own lips that she had apparently forgotten him, that she did not recall that she had two sons in the naval [illegible] rankling in his soul, "she, too

" What, sir " cried the old woman, trembling, in spite of her efforts at repression, at this new shock, "was she killed at the same time?

' No, madam, she was unharmed at that period of the cruise; but, later on, the ship which I commanded fell in with an English frigate off the island of Tristan da Cunha ——

" Pray, where may that be, sir?" she interrupted, striving to gain time

On the way from Virginia to the Cape of Good Hope, madam."

Yes, yes; go on," cried Lady Anne a vague terror clutching at her heart at this ominous suggestion though she gave no other sign of her inward suspense than was afforded by the trembling which she vainly endeavored to suppress a before

Fairford's heart went out to her in pity

'Well madam, in the action which ensued with the English ship——

I understand you, sir; she was killed. Poor girl, poor girl' She was a good child, sir and a beautiful one, poor Sir James was very fond of her, and I as well, and Richard, too I sometimes thought he loved her; it will be an added shock to him She was almost like a daughter to me though of course not a Fitzhugh. What was the manner of her death, pray tell me, sir?" The old eyes were full of tears now

Rapidly Fairford told the story of the battle, the coming together of the two ships, the fierce *mêlée* in the forecastle, the capture of the ship, the wounded and dying English Captain

Miss Heathcote, who had been below with my wife during the combat, had [illegible]

Editor's Note—This story began in the Post of September 30

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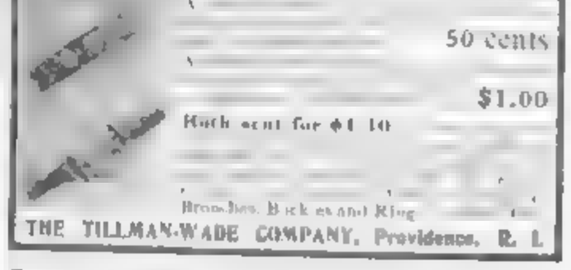

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accidentally from a wounded prisoner at the last moment that the English ship had been commanded by—by—an acquaintance of hers.'

Lady Anne sprang to her feet, her hands clasped over her heart, wild interrogation in her eyes. Fairford had spoken hurriedly as if to postpone the inevitable question.

"She came over to the captured and sinking ship and recognized her friend, who was severely wounded—dying, in fact; the ships parted in the heavy sea, we were driven away by the approach of a large English ship of war, and subsequently captured; meanwhile the frigate with which we had fought sank with Evelyn and the Captain, and they with all on board of her were lost."

As Lady Anne sprang to her feet, Fairford and Margaret had risen also. There was a dead silence in the room. Nature and pride were fighting a desperate battle in the breast of this Fitzhugh, and this time the struggle was one which transcended all her experience.

'You are keeping something back. What was the name of the English ship? Who was her Captain?" she whispered.

Margaret sprang to her side, but the indomitable old woman waved her away

"I need no support, madam; the Fitzhughs have ever stood alone. The name, sir? For Heaven's sake, the name?" Her [illegible] stood erect was [illegible] with terror and [illegible]

"The frigate Undaunted," said Fairford hoarsely; "Captain Richard Heathcote."

Then Lady Anne, as if stricken dead, stared straight before her, out across the white fields again, and they were not whiter than her face. She grew suddenly old before their watching eyes; presently a frightful smile wreathed her thin lips. Her hands tightened fiercely about her stricken heart At length she spoke

"My boy, my boy," she murmured softly, and then with a little sigh she sank forward into the arms of her unknown son. Placing her upon the low chair, Margaret chafed her hands, while Fairford rang the bell furiously Restoratives were brought, and presently she opened her eyes with returning consciousness; when her glance comprehended the people in the room she dismissed the servants, and, sitting up, turned to Fairford again

"I believe I must have fainted," she said with faltering voice, "though it is not my habit to do so. You must excuse the unwonted weakness. You had news for me, sir. You were telling me about my son, I think. He—my son! I have no son," she moaned again.

Fairford stayed the words that were breaking from Margaret's lips with a quick gesture

not yet, a little longer.

"He is gone, killed in this cruel war, sunk beneath the depths of the sea. It was your ship, sir, you told me, that struck him down. How dare you come here with this message? Dead, and I not there! Gone without a word, a touch May you live, sir, to feel the heartbreak you have caused a broken mother who had but one dream in life—her child. May you die in battle alone, craving a wife's kiss—a mother's love. How could you do it, how could you do it, ruthless, murderous——"

She could not see in the wild blindness of her agony that Fairford's face was even whiter than her own. His lips trembled, his eyes blazed, great beads of sweat bedewed his forehead, as she turned upon him in broken despair.

"May you lack in your dying day a mother's blessing, as now I give you a mother's

" He lifted his hand as if to ward off [illegible]

Stop!'" cried Margaret. "This is also your son."

A wild cry rang out through the room

"Fairford—Blakely! It's true! How was I so blinded?"

"My mother!" cried Fairford piteously stepping toward her and reaching out his arms again, but she shrank from him, averting her head.

"Your brother's blood is on your hands," she cried, shuddering. Fairford dropped his arms and turned away in helpless despair

"Hush!" cried Margaret, all afire to defend her stricken husband; "do you realize what you say? It was in honorable warfare, in open battle, in the pursuance of duty, stern and inexorable, that this awful thing occurred. Once in my father's house the son who stands before you held his brother in deadly conflict unarmed and defenseless before him, and because he looked at him with his mother's eyes he stayed his hand and spared his life. In that very battle in which you lost a son and we a friend and brother he would have given anything to have saved him——"

"Yes, yes, all I possessed to spare you this," groaned Fairford.

"He loved his brother as he loved you," continued Margaret. "Look! This is the son who has been deprived of his mother's care, and his mother's presence, and his mother's love since he was a child; this was a boy who dreamed about a gracious lady who left him, who built for himself an ideal out of his childhood's memory and pictured faces, who dreamed of a mother before whom he poured all the love of his heart, and as the years glided by the love grew stronger and the dream deeper until it is today shattered and broken, and by you, cruel woman that you are! Look upon him; look upon him, I say; you shall, you must," said Margaret, strong in her resolution, as she seized Lady Anne and insistently turned her head toward Fairford.

Fairford sprang forward and fell at Lady Anne's feet, catching her dress in his hands

"My mother, my mother," he sobbed, "have you no room in your heart for me?" Slowly he made a little place for himself in her affection. As she gazed upon him her mind went back to her early loss, her youthful days; he was her son after all. In some measure he found his long craved place in her heart at last, and with a sad cry she turned to him

"My son, my son—you are indeed my son I am an old and broken woman. Forgive me," she murmured, as he clasped her to his heart. Margaret turned and walked toward the window. They were alone together. And so the pride of the Fitzhughs was broken at last

When the news of the signing of the Treaty of Peace between the contending nations was declared, Fairford and his wife bade good by to their new friend, the kind old Admiral Hardy, and, accompanied by Joseph Rhodes, an ancient mariner, who thereafter until he ended his days considered himself permanently attached to their household as chief boatswain's mate thereof, took Lady Anne, a feeble, heart-broken old woman, across the sea with them, to end her few remaining days in her native land of Virginia.

Things had gone on as of yore on Colonel Barrett's plantation since Margaret rode out into the darkness that night and came not back, but that brave old soldier did not long survive the shock of Margaret's supposed death, and although the joy of her return gave him evanescent strength, it was only a little while before he stood at attention one morning and answered "Present" to the final roll call of his Eternal Captain Neither was Lady Anne called upon long to mourn her misfortunes. When she died she left everything of which she was possessed to Margaret. There was one significant clause in her will, a direction which Fairford scrupulously carried out. She would be buried upon a high hill with her face toward the lonely island where her best-beloved slept beneath the sea.

Honors and rewards had been heaped upon Fairford, and prize money distributed to the surviving officers and crew of the Narragansett by a grateful country which rang with their heroic exploits. In the days of peace he saw much service with Captain Hull and his old companions-in-arms, commanding at one time the great Constitution, and at another being the Commodore on the European station. Children clustered about his knee, and in twilight hours clamored for stories as children will. There was one tale of which they never tired, and that was the story of their mother's ride and their father's cruise, when, in the brave old days, they both fought

"For the Freedom of the Sea"

(THE END)

BEAN'S LAST ∴ ∴ ∴ INSURANCE DEAL

By JOE LINCOLN

MR. ZEPHANIAH SCRAGG kicked the mud from his boots and joined the select assemblage gathered around the post-office stove. Conversation had lagged a bit prior to his arrival, but it now brightened immediately

How *is* things down ter the Hotel de Scragg?" inquired Mr. Solon Mullet. It should be mentioned here that Mrs. Scragg kept a boarding house

"Things at that distinguished hostelry is in a toler'ble flourishin' condition," replied Zephaniah. "Just got another boarder."

"That so?" said Mr. Mullet; "who is he?"

"His name is Daniel O'Connell Stubbs, owin' ter the fact that his dad was born in Maine and his ma in Tipperary. He's an insurance agent, and he talks enough ter give a deef and dumb man the earache. If I could run as fast as that feller's tongue does I d be the champion sprinter of the country.

'Cordin' ter his tell the policies his comp'ny issues covers everything—death, accidents, and all kind of diseases, from bone spavin ter spinal appendicitis. Fact is, there don't seem ter be no manner of ill in this world that them policies don't pervide fer I ast him if they covered what might happen in the next world. He says, 'No; 'tain't a fire insurance policy.'

"I was complimentin' him on bein' a sharp agent and a good hustler, but he said he wa'n't a circumstance ter some of 'em. He told about one feller named Bean that was the king of 'em all. Bean uster git more commissions than any agent goin', and the way he worked it was like this

"He'd go ter a town and stay there fer a spell 'thout lettin' on that he was an insurance agent at all; but he'd nose around till he got a list of all the fellers who was known not ter be insured. Then he'd go ter the doctor in town that had the wust practice and was scurcely makin' both ends meet, and he'd say:

'Doc,' he'd say, 'I'll git yer app'inted examinin' physician fer my comp'ny in this county and put quite a leetle in yer pocket If you'll take my advice and do's I tell yer, I'm goin' ter send a heap of folks tew yer ter be examined fer life insurance. I don't want yer ter pass no bad risks, but them that's good and sound in wind and limb must be told that they're purty fur gone. Let 'em think that they're jest kinder totterin' on the brink of the grave, but that, they bein' friends of yourn, you'll pass 'em through, so they'll git insured and purtect their fam'lies.'

"Well, nine chances outer ten, the Doc, he'd say 'twas a whizz, and then Bean, he'd start in. He'd set around the stove at the store, same's we're settin', and he'd lead the talk around ter insurance. He'd tell 'bout fellers he knowed that thought they was healthy as a yearlin' steer and wouldn't git insured and then was took with some disease and died and left their folks penniless. He'd finish up by sayin': 'Yer can't tell; jest's like's not ha'f of us here's got some incurable disease a-gnawin' at their vitals nuow'

"He'd keep this up fer a spell and bimeby some feller'd imagine that there *was* somethin' ailed him, and p'r'aps he'd better be examined, 'specially as the examination didn't cost nothin'. So he'd go ter the doctor and be pawed over, and leave scart ter death and in a great sweat ter be insured He'd tell some other chap his experience, as a secret, of course, and bimeby Bean would have the whole poperlation payin' premiums ter his comp'ny.

"Stubbs said Bean would have been in the business yet only fer a mighty hard streak he had. He'd jest worked a town out in Ohio fer all 'twas wuth and had took on some corkin' policies, so, as he was leavin', he thought he'd give a farewell spread ter his customers. 'Course they all come, as 'twas a free blow, and I'll be jiggered if there wa'n't somethin' in the ice cream that pizened ha'f of 'em ter death and laid the rest up fer six months

"The comp'ny was nigh busted, and Bean felt so bad he quit the business and went ter tradin' hosses."

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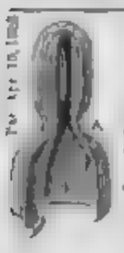

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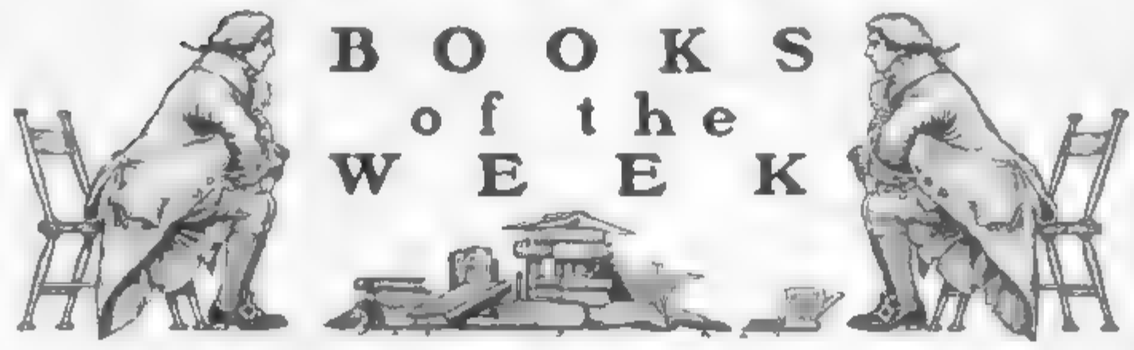

A Story of a Journalist Reformer*

THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA is a novel of surprises. It opens in a spirit of uncompromising realism calculated to delight Mr. Howells and to thrill the heart of Mr. Hamlin Garland with noble transport; and it closes with a burst of wild romanticism, none the less heroic because it deals with newspapers and politics instead of sieges and mutineers. What is more remarkable, it is so well told, so full of light and clever touches, and carries its interest so bravely to the end that the average reader who doesn't care a ha'penny for realism or romanticism, but only asks a good story, will never know nor care to which school of fiction Mr. Tarkington tenders his allegiance.

The particular corner of Indiana which affords a background for the tale is a shabby little dead-and-alive town called Plattville, which mendaciously, but in a spirit of civic pride, claims to have six thousand inhabitants, and which is so inhumanly and preternaturally dull that the schoolboys go of their own free will to a lecture—when they get the chance—regarding even that mournful style of entertainment as an event. The depressing squalor of such surroundings is described with cruel veracity—the "Palace Hotel," from which even hardened commercial travelers escape in despair; the wanton ugliness of everything which meets the eye; the monotonous sameness of life, broken only now and then by some hideous outrage committed by a band of ruffian "whitecaps," to whose lawlessness the people of Plattville had "gotten used," and against whom they never dream of rebelling.

To this abode of infestivity comes John Harkless, journalist by profession, reformer by instinct, and begins his double work with melancholy zeal. How he resuscitates the moribund Carlow County Herald, how he goes in for honesty in politics and routs Mr Rodney McCune, how he runs the gamblers out of Plattville, how he attacks the whitecaps and sends eight of them to the penitentiary, how he comes within an ace of being murdered by the rest, how Miss Helen Sherwood takes charge of the paper—"edits it in water colors," observes her cynical aunt—while he is lying bruised and battered in the hospital, and how he is finally elected to Congress in a blaze of glory—all this takes long in the telling, and makes a stirring narrative—if somewhat fairylike—for right-minded readers to enjoy. Their enjoyment is rendered more secure by a sarcastic humor which never degenerates into cynicism. The story of the University—"one of the kind which a State and a millionaire combine to purchase ready made," and which, "when handed down off the shelf in a more or less chaotic condition, betrayed considerable doubt as to its own intentions, undecided whether they were classical or technical"—is but an instance of the author's happy understanding of conditions which may be full of promise for the future but which are empty of fulfilment to-day.

A Novel of Matrimony†

MR. GISSING has gained a prominent place among English novelists. He has reached a point of eminence which justifies serious Saxon periodicals in printing exhaustive criticisms of his work; so that he has the privilege of seeing himself as others see him, and must be both amazed and delighted at the spectacle. He has also the proud consciousness of having written some of the most cheerless stories ever offered to a long-suffering public, and of having written them well enough to decrease materially the slender stock of gayety which we foolishly strive to preserve.

In The Crown of Life, Mr. Gissing has abandoned the hopeless problem of the slums, the sordid struggle of Grub Street, and has turned his attention to the relations of man and woman, to love, engagements, matrimony and divorce. As the novel is a lengthy one, and has a bewildering number of characters who devote themselves exclusively to the matters under consideration, we are not stinted in the tender passion, in its disastrous failures and final triumph.

The amount of marrying done by these people is abnormal and discouraging. The father of the youthful hero, for example, has taken unto himself three wives, with two of whom he has lived most unhappily, while the third labors under the disadvantage of having another husband, so that an "irregular union"—agreeable euphemism—is the only course open to them. The father of the hero's rival has married twice, and although his second spouse is a good and contented wife, he can neither love nor honor her—"for she, too, must consciously have sinned against the highest law" in wedding a man much older than herself, for whom she feels nothing more passionate than a gentle and steadfast regard. As a consequence, "her irreproachable behavior only saddened him"; which is rank ingratitude, as she is almost the only woman in the book who knows what irreproachable behavior means. Had he married some of the others, he might have had reason to be sad.

For, in truth, Mr. Gissing's young ladies do not always comport themselves with propriety. Of Olga Hannaford we are told that "her proximity would have been troubling to the average man," and certainly her conduct is well calculated to trouble any man, whether above or below the average. Even a girl who goes in for "emancipation" and Bohemianism should not engage herself to two suitors and marry a third. It is a wicked waste of material. Poor Olga, however, is unfortunate in her surroundings. Her parents are also, it is needless to state, most unhappy in their wedded life—as a discourager of matrimony the novel is beyond praise—and Mrs. Hannaford, when old enough to cherish discretion and respectability, suffers herself to be ensnared in a foolish and vulgar entanglement.

These things and other minor incidents give to The Crown of Life a distinctly unpleasant flavor, though the heroine, Irene Derwent, is really a nice girl, who engages herself to only one other man before she gives her hand and heart to the faithful and virtuous hero, who, having loved her from the very beginning of the book, deserves to win her at the end. —*Agnes Repplier.*

Little Novels of Italy*

LITTLE NOVELS OF ITALY is individual; its author, Maurice Hewlett, is individual. One of my friends, a book-lover, is impatient, almost incensed, that Mr. Hewlett should be popular. He ought not to be, thinks my friend. He ought to appeal to the book-lover, the lover of form, and to him alone. Yet, when you come to analyze the facts, you see the reason for the popularity: Mr. Hewlett has "style" in abundance, but he has also substance. He has things to say, as well as an ability to say them well.

This is true of his popular Forest Lovers. It is no less true of his latest book, Little Novels of Italy. Here the author has some delightful stories to tell; here he has shown all that delightful narrative skill that one expects to find in anything he writes. He has, to be sure, certain little tricks that one does not approve of; yet these tricks really go together to make part of the delight.

One of the stories is Messer Cino and the Live Coal. It is quietly satiric enough to suit the most delicate sensibility; love in the abstract is most daintily flagellated. The story is of Messer Cino, his sonneteering to Selvaggia, his marrying to Monna Margherita [illegible] his continued sonneteering to Selvaggia in the course of which he writes,

*The Gentleman from Indiana. By Booth Tarkington. *Doubleday & McClure Co.*

†The Crown of Life. By George Gissing. *Frederick A. Stokes Company.*

*Little Novels of Italy. By Maurice Hewlett. *The Macmillan Company.*

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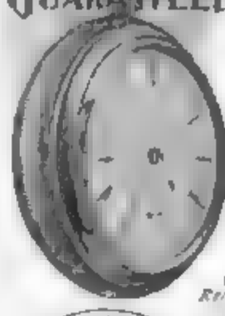

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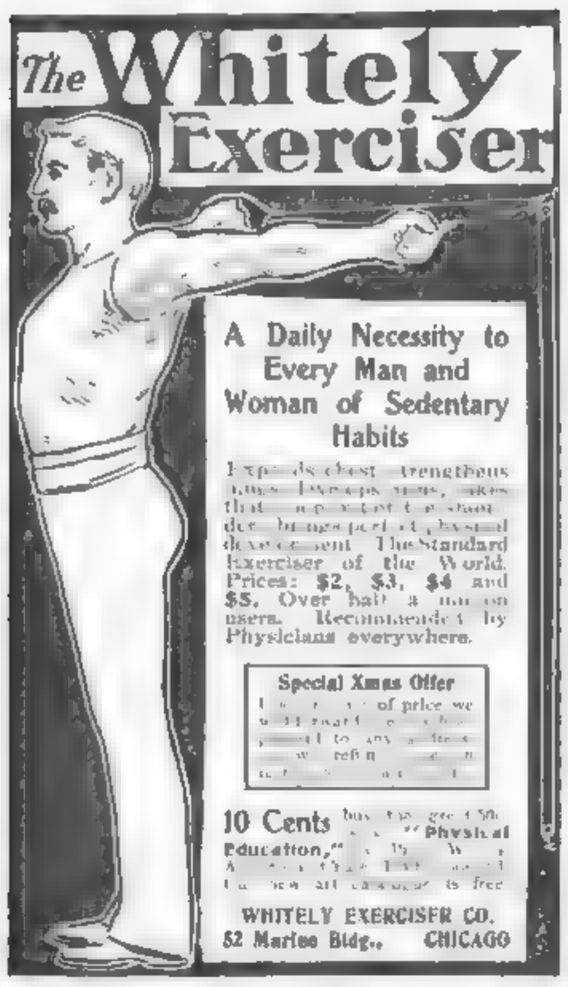
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"thy poet, that feels the living coal flame on his lips and leap to song," his enforced tasting of the live coal from the brazier (Selvaggia's two brawny, fighting brothers "have an Italian humor which is not without flavor"), and his rejecting the love of the lovely little Selvaggia, who, touched by his physical martyrdom, came to ask him to be her betrothed. The printing of a mere outline of such a story as this of Mr. Hewlett's may serve a purpose only in arousing you to look at the story itself for the flavor; to see the brisk turns of expression, the sharp sentence contrasts, the brilliant touches of description, the whole Hewlett tone. Besides Messer Cino there are four other stories in the volume, of which Madonna of the Peach Tree is perhaps the best.

—*C. A. Gaston.*

The Golden Age of American Letters *

ONE of the good fruits of the ease with which the written word—when it is worth the reading—may be put before the public is seen in the increasing number of memoirs and volumes of reminiscence which issue from the pens of men and women of mature years and wide acquaintance with contemporary celebrities. This is as it should be, for the first-hand personal anecdote, no matter how trivial, links us more closely to its subject than whole volumes of formal biography from the hand of a stranger.

To this delightful class of books belongs Mr. Donald G. Mitchell's American Lands and Letters. Its distinguished author, the dean of American men of letters, was born in 1822, and thus he spans the most fruitful period of our literary history. In his young manhood he was the contemporary of Cooper, Irving, Hawthorne, Bayard Taylor, Poe, Emerson, Thoreau, Longfellow, Bryant and Holmes. With most of these writers he had a personal acquaintance, and this he has supplemented with sufficient reading and gleaning and study to enable him to write most entertainingly and authoritatively of the golden age of American letters. Those who are interested in this period and the men who made it noteworthy will take keen enjoyment in American Lands and Letters, and will find its manner no less agreeable than its matter

A Reporter Turned Naturalist.—Ernest Ingersoll, the naturalist, has of late years kept away from newspaper offices. Less than twenty years ago the gifted author of The Book of the Ocean took frequent local assignments from the New York Tribune and reported fires and book sales, bank failures and art exhibitions with the utmost impartiality and the greatest facility. His reportorial work did not differ much from that of his associates except that he took a little longer to do it than many of the others did, but it was always well done, and never required editing

Mr. Sawyer's Stenographers.—The limitations to authorship are many and mysterious To a friend who inquired about his methods of work, Walter Leon Sawyer, author of A Local Habitation, replied that he worked a certain number of hours a day and 313 days of the year, but that he could not tell the exact amount of his literary output, "because stenographers and typewriters differed as 'one star differeth from another star in glory,' and that, as if to make the resemblance more startling, an occasional stenographer imitated those erratic heavenly bodies which vanish through entanglement with some other orb."

Doctor Jackson's Gift to Alaska.—The utilization of reindeer in Alaska is due to the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson, seconded by the late Colonel Elliot F Shepard. Doctor Jackson devoted many years of his life to work among the natives of the frozen North, and his idea of supplying reindeer for food and as an aid to transportation was generously supported by the millionaire editor. At the historic missionary meeting in Carnegie Hall several years ago, when President Grover Cleveland presided, Doctor Jackson was one of the most interesting speakers, and according to his latest report the work has progressed greatly since its inception

Avenging the War.—The echoes of the great Civil War sometimes grow humorous as they become fainter. Mrs. Lasalle Corbell Pickett, widow of the commander of Pickett's Brigade, whose heroic charge at Gettysburg will never be forgotten, has written the story of her husband's services in a fine volume entitled Pickett and His Men Not long ago she received a letter from a Southern literary woman now living in New York asking for an autograph copy of her book. In the letter the literary woman said: "I am as good a Southern woman as ever, and in order to avenge the wrongs done the Confederacy I have married a dear old Yankee who is compelled to admit every day the superiority of the Sunny South."

Mrs. Pickett sent the volume as desired, and with it a note containing the sentence "I am delighted at your victory. Keep your captive in humble subjection as long as you live."

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Predicaments is a collection of short society stories by Louis Evan Shipman, author of D'Arcy of the Guards. Mr. Shipman has chosen his puppets from the ultra-"smart set" of New York society, and has devised for them some very clever situations and entanglements. The volume is illustrated by Mr. Charles Dana Gibson and Mr T. K Hanna, Jr. *Life Publishing Company*

Just what Mr. J. S. Fletcher, in the Paths of the Prudent, means to tell us we are not sure. We open with the "phrenological aspect" of Dorinthia, inmate of an orphans' home. We close with a glimpse of Dorinthia flashing from the "Frivolity" stage-entrance, on the arm of the Earl of Whiteacres—"the chap she's going to marry," we overhear. Between these extremes we pass through a love affair with Richard Bulkeley, whom Dorinthia relinquishes, with his letters, for five hundred pounds from his father. Whether Dorinthia was truly prudent, or if prudence is, after all, worth while in some things, the author does not tell. *L. C. Page & Co.*

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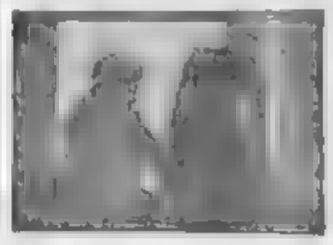

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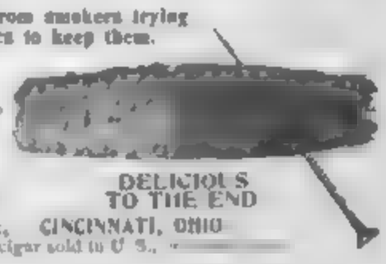

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YOUNG BLOOD

GEO. E. WEST.

By Forrest Crissey

WITH how little noise a young man may suddenly make a fortune big enough to command the respect of seasoned financiers is illustrated by an incident which transpired in a Chicago bank not a month ago. The active executive of the financial institute was lamenting the lack of virility in the young blood of the great Western city, and placing mournful emphasis on the observation that he was unable to name one young man of fewer than forty years who had made an independent fortune

"They are scarce, I'll admit," responded the bank official's caller, "but for the credit of the city I'm going out into the street and see if I can't hunt up one Chicago youth who answers that description."

A day later he appeared at the desk of the banker with the salutation: "I've found your young man. He's not yet thirty three years old, and has cleaned up a fortune of more than half a million dollars while he's been growing a mustache."

"Who is he?" asked the banker, accustomed to demand the substantial facts of every problem before committing himself to any proposition

"Geo. E. West," answered the caller

"West? Geo. E. West? Don't know him. Never heard of him;" and the banker spoke as if he did not expect again to hear the mention of the name

"Yes; Geo E West—and you could throw a stone from here to his desk if the latter were not on the top instead of the bottom floor of that building just over the way. Your offices are within what would be talking distance of each other in a country town—and yet, he has cleaned up a half million and more without your knowledge of his existence

"If he has really done all of that, it has been by speculating on a dead certainty, not in trade or industrial lines" This was the banker's justification of his failure to know of so marvelous and precocious a feat in fortune building

THE YOUNG CAPITALIST'S START IN LIFE

While it was remarkable that the bank official, possessing a sensitive and comprehensive knowledge of the men of "the Street" and of affairs, was not familiar with the career of Geo. E West, it is not strange to those who are acquainted with the quiet personality of this almost boyish capitalist that the public is unaware of his sudden rise to wealth

There is something in the reserve and straightforward simplicity of this young man which explains the fact that he has been able to assemble a fortune with that quietness which leaves all save his most intimate associates to guess whether he "[illegible] good salary" or "lives on an income [illegible] story of his career will be a strange romance to the majority of Chicago business men, and possibly to many who know him even more intimately in a social way, or have been brought into casual contact with him at the tennis court where most of his leisure time is spent

The father of Geo E West was a journeyman painter, and removed from Oyster Ba Long Island, New York, where his son was born, when the latter was only three years of age, to New York City. Although Mr. West was not above the fun and mischief characteristic of healthy boyhood, the serious side of life appealed to him at a much earlier age than is usual. He was graduated from grammar school when fourteen years old, and took a greater pride than he now feels in any subsequent achievement in the fact that in the examinations for admission to college (at which examinations the high grade from every school in New York City was represented) he attained an average percentage of nearly ninety three, standing third on the list for that year. From the grammar school he passed to the "College of the City of New York" where he remained for a year, taking a business course which included penmanship, bookkeeping and shorthand. He faced the problem of earning his living and starting on a business career when he was fifteen years old, and took the first step in the solution of this question by going out in search of a position. Learning of an opening as helper on an express wagon, he applied for it, but was told by the express agent that he was not "big enough," and was advised to seek an office position. Young West was much cast down at losing his first chance, but after thinking it over felt that he would do well to take the agent's kindly intended advice, and determined that he would get into some branch of the service where mental activity and soundness of judgment were more to be depended upon in winning promotion than strength of arm or physical bulk.

POSTING THE NEW SUPERINTENDENT

He was told his only chance was as telephone boy in the stables. This, he shrewdly calculated would bring him in touch with the executive line of the business and give him opportunity to learn the system of handling the traffic. He realized that his duties as telephone boy would put him at one end of the wires used by the executive heads

After he had been located at the express stables for a few months he learned that a new Superintendent was to be installed. Instantly he realized that the incoming Superintendent would need to be "posted" with regard to a thousand details of the work, and he resolved to be in a position to give that information. To this end he applied all his energies, and when the new official was installed he soon found that the most reliable source of information regarding the affairs of the establishment was the telephone boy

GEO. E. WEST

He was able to answer questions of which the "bosses" were ignorant. The recognition on which the boy had counted was not slow to materialize, and the lad found himself, in the course of a few months, discharging the duties of an assistant to the Superintendent

From time to time his responsibilities were increased and his authority extended. In the parlance of the barns he had "struck his gait" early, acquiring at sixteen years the experience, capacity and steadiness of a man of thirty. This steadiness gave him the force to stick to the task in hand in order to reap the cumulative benefits of labor in a direct line Seven years he remained at the express stables

A BOLD STROKE AND ITS REWARD

The Superintendent was a Chicago man who enjoyed the confidence of "the Moore brothers"—as these two celebrated organizers of corporate combinations are generally spoken of in financial circles. During the absence from New York of the express company's Superintendent, a telegram for him was placed in the hands of his young assistant. It was from Judge W H Moore, offering to the Superintendent the position of Secretary of the American Strawboard Company, a corporation he had just organized. The message instructed the Superintendent to arrive at an immediate decision, and to indicate his acceptance by a telegram stating when he would leave for Chicago. With characteristic decision young West sent a message to this effect, and awaited an opportunity to inform his superior of what he had done. This promptness in accepting such a responsibility so delighted the man for whom it was done that his first act in his new position was to appoint Mr West as chief accountant of the American Strawboard Company

Without having ever seen a stock certificate of any kind he found himself confronted with the responsibility of superintending the issue of hundreds of such certificates, and of devising a clerical system adequate to the complicated business of a huge corporation

The task of devising and building so vast a system of business machinery might well have put to confusion any man, but the courageous young chief accountant relied on his Yankee pluck and inventiveness He pointed out to his superiors that he must obtain a first hand knowledge of the business before he could formulate a successful plan. His request for a margin of sixty days in which to visit the numerous mills and agencies of the corporation was reluctantly granted. On trains, in the offices of the factories and at hotels he worked out the details of the system of accounting which vindicated the wisdom of his selection for this task

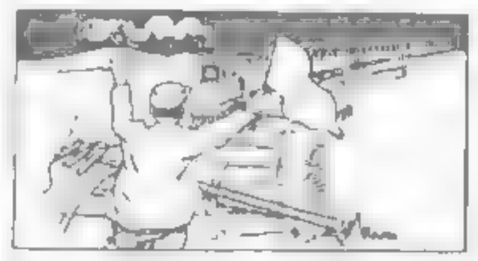
In 1890 the Moore brothers organized the New York Biscuit Company, and Mr. West was called to do for this corporation what he had accomplished for the Strawboard Company. In this instance, however, his executive abilities were recognized by his appointment to the position of Secretary. Here he was confronted by new problems He pursued the same policy of organization, however, and visited all the factories and offices, making himself familiar with the details of the "biscuit" business

Year by year Mr. West's executive powers were increased, and before his retirement, February, 1898, he was very active in directing the fierce war of competition which ultimately resulted in the consolidation of the biscuit interests in the corporate combination known as the "National Biscuit Company."

Meantime many events of importance had transpired. By economy and shrewd investments the young man had accumulated a fortune of $100,000. Nearly all of this was in the form of stocks in the companies in which the Moore brothers were interested August, 1896, confronted him with a crisis His close relations with these men who had given him the best opportunities of his life gave him reason to believe that they would suffer a severe reverse. He could save his own holdings by a quick sale of his shares, but this might help to break prices and contribute to the downfall of his friends. Instantly he decided that this course was not to be thought of and that he would stand or fall with them. He retained his holdings only to see his fortune swept away in the stock panic that accompanied the failure of the Moores.

Fortunately, however, he did not have long to wait for a reward for his loyalty and courage. The Moore brothers reentered their old field by the organization of the National Biscuit Company, in which Mr. West was given the position of Treasurer. His first move was carefully to estimate the profits of the National Biscuit Company for the first year

Then he drew upon all his resources and took all of the underwriting he could secure, basing all his movements on the calculation [illegible] made at the outset. These estimates enabled him to arrive closely at the dividends which would be paid on common and preferred stock. Not in a single instance did he make a mistake, and each re-investment multiplied his profits. At an opportune moment, he changed his large holdings of preferred stock into common, buying four shares of the latter for every one of the former. The advance in common stock to which he pinned his faith was even greater than he had expected, and he saw his holdings jump thirty points in the market in thirteen months. As he held many thousands of these shares, it may be seen that his triumph was as phenomenal as it was sudden



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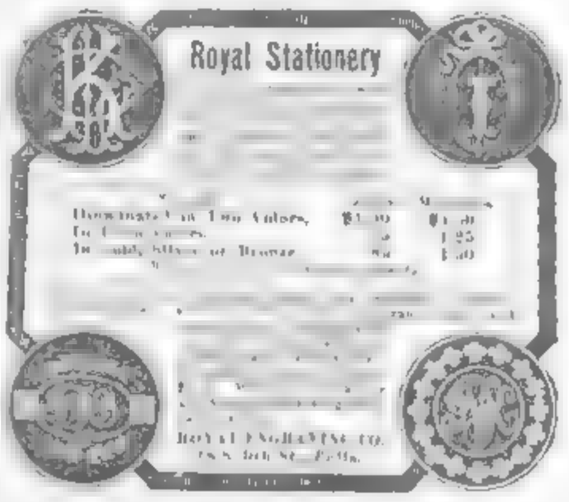

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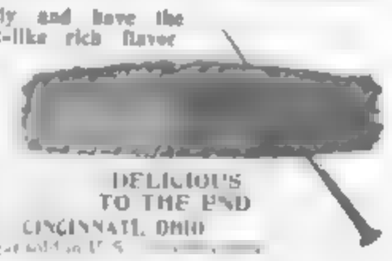

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The DIARY of a Weakling

By BARRY PAIN

The Trouble with the Cabman

BUT for the want of adequate police protection in the roads around Regent's Park, the arrangements for my marriage with Miss Mirabel Sage would by this time be an accomplished fact. It seems to me a scandalous and abominable thing that in the heart of London and in broad daylight it should be possible for—— But I will give the events in their proper order.

I had known Miss Sage and the rest of her family very well when I was a boy, and I anticipated but little pleasure from the renewal of the acquaintance when I heard that they were to spend some time in London. However, I called and was agreeably surprised. Miss Sage had changed from a shy and scraggy little girl to a good-looking, well-dressed young lady, with perfect self-confidence and a most attractive figure. I have found much pleasure in her society lately, and I have not the least doubt that I should have taken the decisive step.

Mind, I am not one of those blind young fools who cannot see a fault in a woman. On the contrary, when I begin to regard a girl as a possible wife I also begin to be particularly critical. I soon found that Mirabel Sage had a tendency toward extravagance. She was always wanting to go somewhere, and she preferred to go in a cab; and it was always somewhere where you had to pay for admission. I have tried several times to take her to the National Gallery, St. Paul's, the Abbey, or some other of those places to which the right of entrance is a privilege of our citizenship; but she never seemed to care about it. Frequently she would express much delight with some little trifle in a shop-window, and of course it was a graceful act to gratify her wishes. She was fond of ices, too, almost to excess. However, I realized that the period of courtship is generally expensive, and I have private means beyond my salary. When once she became Mrs. Lionel Hicks it would be easy enough to shut things down decisively.

Curiously enough, though she was a stranger to London, she never left it to me to decide where we should go and what we should do. She always had her own program ready, and though I occasionally suggested alterations, the program was generally carried out in detail as she originally planned.

One afternoon she said that we would take a cab to Regent's Park, would walk about the Park for a little, visit the Zoo, and then take another cab to Bond Street, where she wanted to buy some hairpins, and I could give her some tea. I had seven shillings in silver in my pocket, and this left but little margin. I observed in a careless way that most of the smart people preferred the omnibus nowadays. She said that a hansom was good enough for her, and I did not pursue the subject.

In the hansom she said some remarkably sensible things about the spread of athleticism and the many objections that there were to it. She said that it made men selfish; they spent their time on it and seemed to care less for the refining influences of feminine society. I pointed out that it was a relic of a barbarous age, and that in London at the present day there was no need for this appeal, as it were, to brute force.

We went some little way around the Park, and then Miss Sage stopped the cab and said we would get out and walk. I handed the man a shilling.

He said that he was afraid he couldn't change it, and asked if I hadn't got anything smaller.

I asked him what he meant. He asked me what I meant, if it came to that.

I said that a shilling was his legal fare.

He replied that the fare was two shillings, and a gentleman would have paid him half a crown. He said I'd no business in a cab at all, and ought to have walked. That was the right thing for a no-class bloke on 'is Saturday out with the under-'ousemaid. Even if I had managed to sneak a bob out of the petty cash, it did not follow that I could go from here to Australia on it. People of my class got themselves up in a set of reach-me-down slops from the Edgeware Road and thought they were the King of England. Personally, he was sick of it. Because a man had got a face like a bad turnip and a waistcoat like the dome of St. Paul's it did not follow that he was to go about bilking honest cabmen. But for the presence of that female in her missis' hat he would like to say more. As it was, he would be content to take eighteenpence, pocket the loss, and warn his mates generally not to drive me again.

I kept my temper. I said: "You have been excessively impertinent, and, whatever your fare may be, I must ask you to give me your number."

He said that was all right. His horse would stand. He would get down and give me his number. He said this quite civilly, and thinking I had scared him I pulled out my notebook to take it down.

But as soon as he had got into the road his manner changed completely and became most threatening. He snatched my notebook and flung it over the palings into the Park, adding that it would not take much to make him fling me after it.

"Now," I said, "that only shows you've lost your temper. If your fare is eighteenpence, I am quite prepared to pay it; all I wanted was to be certain."

I handed him a shilling and a sixpence, which he pocketed without thanking me. He then knocked my hat off, and told me I could write his number—when I got it—in the lining.

Miss Sage said: "Hadn't we better come on now?" I could see she was annoyed. Some little boys had gathered around and were deeply interested.

"Just coming," I said. However, it is impossible to come on when a cabman has got hold of your coat and is calling you a dirty tyke. He added that I had first tried to bilk him and then had insulted him. If he were to buy men like me at a penny a dozen to sell for cat's meat he'd make a loss over it. If I wanted a lesson he could give me one. Why couldn't I take my coat off and act properly, instead of standing there panting like a pug in a fit?

I still kept my temper, remembering that a lady was present. I thrust another shilling into his hand, said that I had an appointment, and would he let go my coat? He let go, shoved me away from him, pocketed the shilling, and remounted his cab.

I put on my hat, told the little boys sharply to go away, and rejoined Miss Sage on the pathway. As we walked off the cabman passed us again and knocked off my hat once more with his whip as he passed. He was laughing in a loud and very offensive way. I picked it up and explained to Miss Sage how I had acted for the best and controlled myself, and what might have happened if I had not controlled myself.

I said that this unpleasant incident being now terminated we could proceed to the Zoo.

She laughed bitterly and did not answer.

I asked her why she laughed, and she said she had thought of something but she wouldn't say it. She added that she had had enough for one afternoon, and was going home. She preferred to walk, for the first time in my recollection.

And ever since there has been a distinct coolness. Now I maintain if the police had been present at the time there would have been no trouble. As it is—— Well, I can see that any sums I have expended on Miss Mirabel Sage have been money thrown away. The only consolatory point is that when the cabman attacked me I *did* control myself. I'm rather proud of that.

DRAWN BY A. B. SHILLEN

HE THEN KNOCKED MY HAT OFF, AND TOLD ME I COULD WRITE HIS NUMBER—WHEN I GOT IT—IN THE LINING

Diaz and the Reporters

PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ, the President of Mexico, has changed little since he visited New York sixteen years ago. He is still the same modest, unostentatious man.

On the occasion of his New York visit he stayed with his wife and the members of his suite at a Madison Square Hotel, where he mingled with the less distinguished guests as though he were a merchant from a country town on a buying trip. It was difficult for the reporters of the newspapers to find him. The reporters were gathered at the clerk's desk waiting for an answer from their requests for an interview when one of their number seated himself beside a well-dressed man and began to ask questions regarding Mexico. He was a slender, middle-aged man, very dark and spare.

After a dozen questions had been literally fired at him he shrugged his shoulders politely and pointed to a tall man in the centre of the corridor.

"He speak. I don't," he said.

Therefore the reporter hurried over to the tall man, who was surrounded by reporters in a minute's time.

"Who is he?" whispered one reporter of the spokesman.

"Diaz."

"Who says so?"

"That duffer on the settee."

So they pumped him dry. Just as they were thanking him, he interrupted:

"Who do you think I am?" he asked.

"General Diaz," they chorused.

"No. No. I am a railroad ticket agent. That's General Diaz over on the settee."

But the man on the settee—the "old duffer"—had gone to his room. He did not disappoint the reporters, however. He saw them all a little later with his interpreter. But he did not talk half so much about General Diaz's great work as the tall railroad man had done.

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ICE YACHTING

By H. Percy Ashley

ONE'S first trip on a speedy, up-to-date ice yacht will remain long in the memory—riding in the engine cab of a lightning express is nothing to it. It is the utter renunciation of every desire except for more speed. The keen crisp air exhilarates like rare old wine, the blood rushes through the veins, every nerve tingles, and the eyes swim with excitement.

To-day, scientific principles have to a great degree done away with needless danger. With a sail area evenly balanced to the hull resistance—a result only attained after much study and experiment—we have a perfectly controlled boat, quick on her heels and obedient to the helm.

THE ICE-GOING SQUADRON

Lovers of sport are coming to realize this, and despite the dangers pictured by the stove squadron and those who tack about the fireplace, ice yachting, both in the United States and Canada, has never been more flourishing and progressive than at this moment.

The first ice boat was built by Oliver Booth, of Poughkeepsie, New York, in 1790, and its crude runners are still in good preservation. This boat was simply a rough box on runners, propelled by a small spritsail. In 1853 Nathan B. Cook, of Red Bank, New Jersey, mounted a ducking skiff on runners. Three years later Mr. Allair, of the same town, devised a triangular frame. Gradually the sport spread up the Hudson River, and extended to all towns, from Newburgh to Albany; but the ice yachts were of the lumber-box order—hard riding and difficult to control, often throwing out their helmsman and occupants to sail off at their own sweet will, and usually bringing up against the shore a total wreck. This style of craft continued through the latter part of the sixties and seventies.

Not until 1879 did Mr. H. Relyea revolutionize the build by discarding the side-bars—substituting wire stays in their place—and placing an elliptical steering-box at a point just forward of the standard of the steering apparatus.

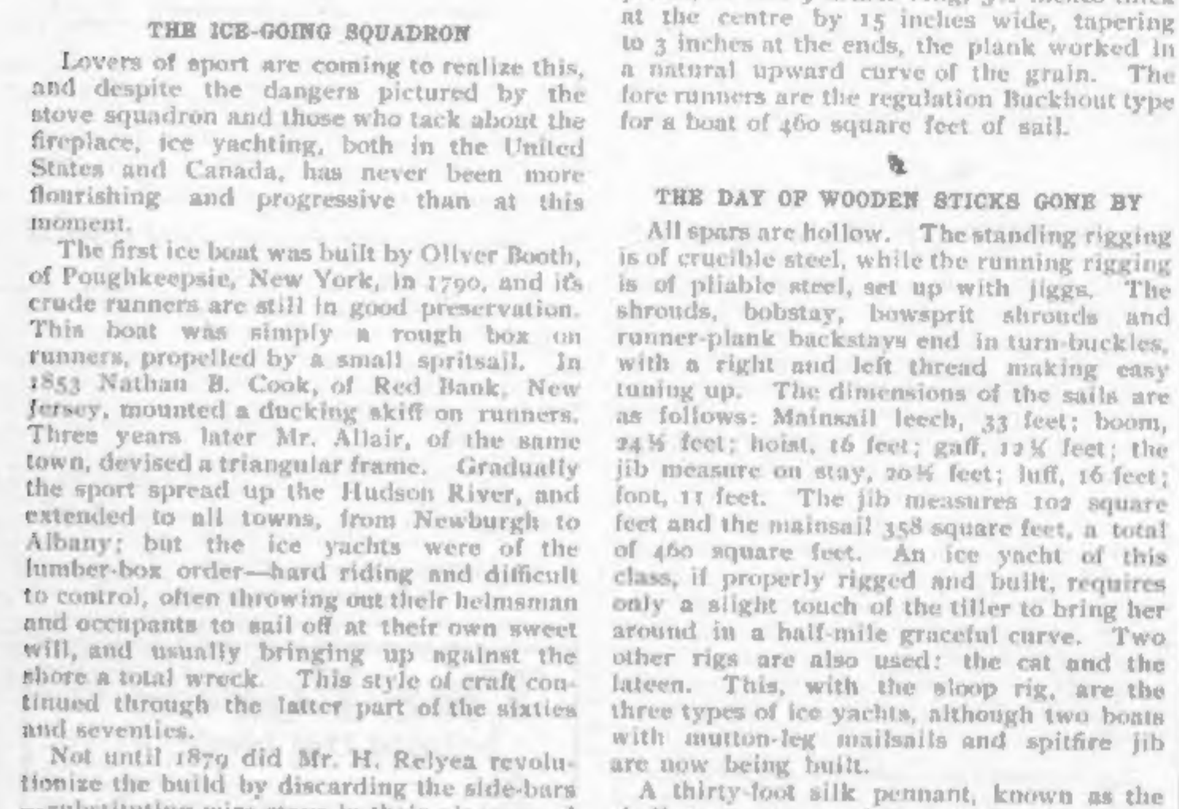
GREAT IMPROVEMENTS BEING MADE

Good ideas followed fast, and each year has brought out new and progressive improvements. The draft presented is of the latest, up-to-date ice yacht of this season, and will give a clearer idea of its construction than could any photograph. The deck view is given, showing how the "backbone" is crossed at right angles by the runner plank, to which are bolted a pair of chocks (oak blocks), and through which passes a bolt, allowing the runner to play, thus relieving the strain in running over rough ice. At the extreme end of the "backbone," or centre timber, is a steering-box with just room enough for the helmsman and one passenger. Attached to the backbone within convenient reaching distance is a hand-rail. That he may have both hands free the skipper is strapped to the box. You will also note that the mast is stepped forward of the runner plank. This is to secure greater ease in handling and better windward work—the strongest fast point in ice yachting. The mainsail is always sheeted home, and is never let out in running before the wind; instead, the yacht always wearing before a free breeze. The following dimensions are selected from the very best of recent designs: Backbone, over all, 41 feet; at strap of plank, 11¾ inches by 5 inches; at ends, 4¾ inches by 5½ inches; the runner strap centre, 27 feet 7 inches forward of the steering standard, and the mast stepped 3¼ feet forward of the runner-plank strap (a band of gun metal or iron holding the plank and the backbone in place); the runner plank, 21 feet 9 inches long, 5½ inches thick at the centre by 15 inches wide, tapering to 3 inches at the ends, the plank worked in a natural upward curve of the grain. The fore runners are the regulation Buckhout type for a boat of 460 square feet of sail.

THE DAY OF WOODEN STICKS GONE BY

All spars are hollow. The standing rigging is of crucible steel, while the running rigging is of pliable steel, set up with jiggs. The shrouds, bobstay, bowsprit shrouds and runner-plank backstays end in turn-buckles, with a right and left thread making easy tuning up. The dimensions of the sails are as follows: Mainsail leech, 33 feet; boom, 24½ feet; hoist, 16 feet; gaff, 12½ feet; the jib measure on stay, 20½ feet; luff, 16 feet; foot, 11 feet. The jib measures 102 square feet and the mainsail 358 square feet, a total of 460 square feet. An ice yacht of this class, if properly rigged and built, requires only a slight touch of the tiller to bring her around in a half-mile graceful curve. Two other rigs are also used: the cat and the lateen. This, with the sloop rig, are the three types of ice yachts, although two boats with mutton-leg mailsails and spitfire jib are now being built.

A thirty-foot silk pennant, known as the challenge pennant of America, and open to any organized ice yacht club in the world, goes to the winner. To ice yachtsmen the pennant has the same significance that the America's cup has to their brother yachtsmen of the sea. Many hardy and daring struggles have taken place for this coveted trophy, so carefully preserved in its glass case. Large sums have been expended in its quest and defense. The veteran ice yachtsman, John A. Roosevelt, of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, who last winter defeated all comers with his large ice yacht Icicle, carrying 735 feet of duck, now holds it. The Hudson River Ice Yacht Club, whose station is at Hyde Park, just above Poughkeepsie, is the largest organization of its kind, with a fleet of forty-eight yachts. Charles E. Sand's Avalanche, carrying 825 square feet; Archibald Rogers' Jack Frost, 716 square feet; Irving Grinnell's Boreas, 620 square feet; John A. Roosevelt's Icicle, 735 square feet, and Dr. J. C. Barron's Northern Light, 680 square feet, are the biggest of the fleet. From this they taper down, in four classes, to 200 feet of sail area. Just below Poughkeepsie is a flourishing club with twenty-eight ice yachts, known as the



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

For Next Week Will Contain an Article on

WHY AND HOW I WROTE THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By Edwin Markham

The Man with the Hoe has provoked wider and more prolonged discussion than any American poem written during the present generation. The idea expressed in its forty-nine lines has set the whole nation thinking; it has found assailants and defenders by the thousand; it has been the subject of countless editorials and numberless letters to the author and to the press.

In this article Mr. Markham narrates the history of his poem, from its genesis to its completion. He first tells the story of his own hard life in the fields—how he himself toiled with the hoe, and was heavy-hearted under the crushing weight of what seemed hopeless labor. He tells how he was impressed by Millet's picture of hopelessness; and of his fellow-feeling for the labor-bent peasant of the canvas. He explains how the rough "field-notes," made fifteen years ago, were expanded and elaborated by slow stages into the poem that made him famous. This intensely interesting narrative is illustrated with hitherto unpublished pictures and a fac-simile reproduction of the rough draft of The Man with the Hoe.

Other Features of Next Week's Post are:

A Rival Ally
A tale of love and fighting in Manila.
By BRIG.-GEN. CHARLES KING

The Kindlier Side of Lincoln
An intimate and personal sketch.
By COLONEL A. K. McCLURE

A Bunch of Roses
A one-act parlor comedy for amateurs.
By M. E. M. DAVIS

Men of Action
R. Lindsey Coleman, pioneer bicycle man.
By PERRITON MAXWELL

THE NEW YEAR

Will be a happy one for Post readers. During the past twelvemonth the publishers of the Post have made some big promises—and have more than fulfilled them. For 1900 they make still greater ones, with greater facilities for living up to them. A new building and an enlarged plant will permit the printing of a thirty-two-page Post with a colored cover every week instead of each fourth week, as at present. Frequent photographic supplements, illustrated in half-tone and published in the interests of amateur photographers, will be a new and attractive feature. Short stories—strong, clean, bright stories—by the foremost authors of the day, will be the backbone of the paper; special articles by specialists, able editorials by able thinkers, and bright book chat by bookmen, will be its flesh and blood. In a word, brains, energy and money will not be wanting to make The Saturday Evening Post the best magazine in the world.

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No more appropriate or acceptable gift can be selected than a year's subscription to The Saturday Evening Post, and we have arranged a peculiarly graceful way of presenting it. To those for whom subscriptions are thus ordered we will announce the gift by means of a very beautiful Christmas card, stating that we have been directed by the donor, whose name will be given on the card, to enter the recipient's name upon our list for a year, as a holiday remembrance. Unless otherwise requested, the first copy mailed upon such orders will be the issue of December 23, which will be delivered in a sealed envelope, simultaneously with the card.

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New Hamburg Ice Yacht Club, and near by is the Carthage Ice Yacht Club, with a large membership and thirty-two boats. But the longest ice-yachting season in the East is at Orange Lake, just six miles back of Newburgh-on-the-Hudson. This beautiful sheet of water has a smooth surface when frozen, unmarred by cracks, air holes or tide-shore breaks. The Orange Lake Ice Yacht Club is presided over by that tried racing enthusiast, Commodore H. C. Higginson, ably backed by the veteran Vice-Commodore, Dr. Willett Kidd. Last winter this club had over five weeks of steady sailing and racing for its massive silver cups and pennants. It being only a short run from New York City, one can take the early train, have a day's sailing, and return to town by 9 o'clock. And there is a fine and commodious club-house with a glass observation piazza and well-heated interior overlooks the starting-line for the races, and a view of the entire course is obtained from any part of the club house. For tried men and true no one need to go farther than Orange Lake. Among the noted racing ice yachts are Commodore H. C. Higginson's Windward and Cold Wave, Vice-Commodore Willett Kidd's Snow Drift, H. S. Ramsdell's Esquimau, C. M. Stebbins' Ice King, Alderman Robert Kernahan's Troubler, J. B. Quinlan's Impulse, H. Kiffin's Frolic, Frank G. Woods' Flying Jib, H. J. Jova's (lateen) Graziella, Elijah Walsh's Arctic, and George C. Trimble's Æolus. Along the Shrewsbury River in New Jersey are other flourishing ice yacht clubs. The most prominent is the North Shrewsbury Ice Yacht Club, with over thirty yachts enrolled. Notable of these is the three-times pennant-winner George, owned by Charles P. Irwin. Others are James B. Weaver's huge Scud, and Captain George Coley's big Rocket.

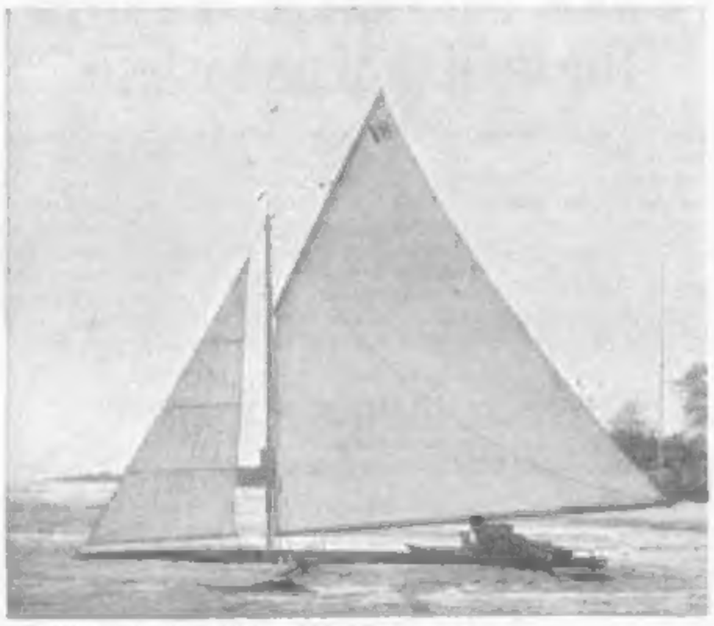

PHOTO BY POWELL, KINGSTON, ONT.

AN UP-TO-DATE CANADIAN ICE YACHT

THE CANADIAN CHALLENGE CUP

In Canada, ice yachting is naturally still more popular, although not indulged in on such an elaborate scale as on the Hudson. The foremost club is the Kingston Ice Yacht Club, of Kingston, Ontario, with a membership of seventy-six and a fleet of thirty ice yachts. The International Walker Cup and the Calvin Macnee Trophy are the coveted emblems of Canada. The able officers of this club are: Francis H. Macnee, Commodore; E. C. Gildersleeve, Vice-Commodore, and J. Campbell Strange, Secretary and Treasurer. Among the noted flyers are W. C. Kent's Whistlewing, Sanford C. Calvin's Blizzard, Howard S. Folger's Breeze, J. B. Carruther's Jack Frost, and Francis H. Macnee's Pastime. Lake Ontario has numerous clubs on the New York as well as on the Canadian shore, on the Bay of Quinty and on the St. Lawrence River. The Cape Vincent New York Club in this vicinity boasts of a fleet of forty-five yachts and a membership of over one hundred names. The yachts average from 275 to 500 feet of sail area. In the Provinces of Canada the sport is followed with zest.

From the zone of Canada working through the States is a long land stretch diversified by many lakes and bays, only to be seen on a large map, where ice yachting is most popular. At Rochester, New York, is a newly formed club known as the Irondequoit Association. On Lake St. Clair, of Michigan, is a large fleet of swift ice boats, and much racing goes on. Lake Minnetonka, near Minneapolis, Wisconsin, is now the headquarters for ice yachting in the West. A fleet of thirty up-to-date ice yachts are now in readiness for the ice, and ten new boats have just been purchased from the Hudson River. This great boom of ice yachting in the West is due to the father of ice yachting, Commodore Theodore Wetmore, of Minneapolis. Mr. Wetmore was brought up on the Hudson River and moved to Minneapolis. He saw the possibilities Lake Minnetonka held. To him it was a promising field. Quickly two boats were dispatched from the Hudson, the Reindeer and Saint Nicholas, and the craze spread to Lake Pepin and White Bear Lake.

Though free from necessary peril there is still room in ice yachting for the daring which lends zest to this as to all sports.

The only real danger on an ice yacht is in jumping a wide crack or air hole. The yacht must be run at right angles to the fissure at the rate of a mile a minute. As the fore runners strike the protruding and slightly raised edge of the crack the boat rises bodily from the ice and flies through the air from thirty to forty feet, then strikes again and speeds on. Imagine a smooth field of ice stretching for miles, and at its farther edge a tremendous crack. You are spinning along under half a gale at the rate of a mile a minute. The air seems to be full of electric sparks; a frosty mist dances before you. You have hardly time to think before the crack seems to rush toward you. A moment of intense anxiety—you catch your breath, your heart pumps wildly, a smothered exclamation of joy, and you fly in air. The good boat has cleared the gap as a hunter tops a fence, and with a rap full you are again tearing along at seemingly redoubled speed.

A MIDWINTER MEMORY

By Bliss Carman

NOW the snow is on the roof,
Now the wind is in the flue,
Beauty, keep no more aloof,
Make my winter dreaming true,
Give my fancy proof.

How the year runs back to June,
To the day I saw you first!
In the sultry afternoon
There the mountains lay immersed
In a summer swoon.

In the orchard with your book,
I can see you now as then—
That serene and smiling look,
Far away and back again,
While my spirit shook.

Now the frost is on the pane,
And the winter on the sea,
Gold across the iron strain,
Thought of you comes back to me,
Like a lost refrain.

What a voice it was I heard!
All your j's were soft as d's,
Like the nest-notes of a bird,
And your fingers clasped your knees,
As you smiled each word.

Well I knew you for the one
Sought so long and never found,
In this country of the sun,
All these burning summers round.
There, the search was done!

Now the dark is at the door;
Now the snow is on the sill;
And for all I may deplore,
Time must have his ancient will—
Mar one lover more.

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WHY YOUNG MEN FAIL
Letters from Business Men

NO ARTICLES which THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has published seem to have made a more direct and more positive impression than those under the title, Why Young Men Fail. So general has been the response from the leading business men and managers of the country that it seems necessary for the completeness of the discussion to give some of their comments and criticisms. In the main, these have been extremely favorable to the views printed in the POST. Most of them offer additional suggestions that are valuable, not only to the young men who want to succeed, but to all who are concerned in the problem of success. All these writers are large employers, and most of them are men who have made their own success.

Many letters of commendation were received from heads of large establishments who did not care to have their names used, but who very earnestly indorsed Mr. Ogden's dictum that the greatest foe to success of the young man in this country to-day was the lack of thoroughness. We have preferred, for evident reasons, to use only those letters which were signed for publication. The discussion, owing to the pressure of other matters, must now be brought to a close. We thank our correspondents for their interest and courtesy.

Mr. C. E. Raymond writes from Chicago:

"I have read Why Young Men Fail. Excellent as it is, it does not seem to me to cover the situation.

"We all know that there are very many excellent young men who have all of the requisites named in the article, and yet who do not succeed. Some people call it luck; others fate, and others still are unable to assign any reason.

"Given a young man with health, education, intelligence, ambition, honesty, and a determination to win, it seems to me that there are several very well marked fingerposts which must be observed if the young man would succeed.

"In my somewhat circumscribed experience I have noticed a few characteristics of successful men, which were not touched upon, or at any rate only hinted at, in the article referred to. They are as follows:

"First, punctuality.

"Second, fixity of purpose. A man will frequently succeed, even if he is pursuing the wrong course, through the fact that he allows nothing whatever to stand in his way.

"Third, discrimination in judgment; the ability to sift the wheat from the chaff.

"Fourth, ability to form a judgment quickly and to act upon it without delay.

"Fifth, the ability to do one thing at a time, to finish it all up, and then take up another without loss of time.

"Thousands of young men fritter away their time without result because they make a dab first at one duty and then another.

"It seems to me that the young men of the present and the future must do these things and practice these characteristics if they would succeed."

Mr. Herbert C. Chivers writes from St. Louis:

"When a young man starts out to learn a business or profession, I believe that natural born conceit is his most dangerous enemy. This is generally apparent when he begins to get an insight into things, but as soon as he has come to understand that what he knows is possibly only the rudiments of the business or profession which he is studying he will begin to learn something, provided he is ambitious.

"After he has become master of his occupation, the next enemy to contend with is flattery. If he is a reasonably bright young fellow he may likely receive many praises; some will be sincere, but many otherwise. In any event, they are more or less intoxicating, and no young man should become elated or feel that he has reached the top of the ladder because of favorable comments which he may receive from time to time. Susceptibility to flattery has checked many a young man's career.

"Men with natural ability are usually lacking in the required ambition for study and work, and it is often that we see a more industrious person push ahead of one thus endowed. A young man should not become bigoted or conceited by reason of his natural abilities, as these are the gifts of God, and for this reason alone he should not allow them to lie dormant nor half cultivated.

"In this progressive age no one reaches a point at which he can abandon study and live altogether on his past reputation. A good reputation is difficult to build up, yet it is easy to lose, and I believe that a business or professional man who expects to make life a continual success should start out with the determination of becoming a student for life. Of course, as one becomes eminently successful he does not have the same amount of time to devote to study that the young man would, but study becomes easier as one advances in life and finds its necessity.

"Another cause of failure for which the young man is not altogether to blame is the strained social conditions of the present era. This is especially so in the professions, where, unfortunately, one's best chance of making business friends and acquaintances is by being here, there and everywhere, as society may command. One loses needed rest in this way and much genuine home life, which after all is to be preferred to what is ordinarily termed society. I believe that a young man should come in contact with people socially, but he had much better proceed a little slower and get the needed daily rest than undermine his health by constantly attending social functions.

"The importance of strict punctuality and integrity is not understood by the average young man. If he could only reverse his position and become employer for a few months he would readily understand its value.

"When a young man is looking for a position he should not seek the one which will at first offer him the best salary, but should choose an occupation to which he would be willing to devote his entire life, and then work his way up, accepting what he is offered. There is nothing gained by jumping from one thing to another and working a few months or a year here and there.

"If a young man is punctual and is strictly honest he will soon win the esteem of his employer. He should be absolutely exact in the smallest things, for it is the small errors which most often come to the notice of an employer, and it is reasonable to assume that if an employee would be dishonest or irregular in a small matter he would not hesitate at a more grave offense where the chances of not being detected might offer themselves."

Mr. R. E. Evans writes from Nashville, Tenn.:

"The young men of to-day are especially anxious for literature of the kind you are publishing, and you are certainly doing a grand work, and doing really more good than you imagine. It is this interchange of ideas and thoughts between employer and employee that has pushed the American nation so rapidly to the front. To relate you a little incident of last summer in the convention of our salesmen in London. We have thirty-four men traveling from our London house, and it has only been established three years. The convention was conducted along the same lines that we pursue in this country. The convention finally wound up with a banquet which the salesmen attended.

"The salesmen at London could not understand such treatment. They had never before received it, and could not understand what it all meant. After Mr. Heinz had talked with them they began to have a bright conception of the situation, and then stated that so far as their personal knowledge was concerned the English employer tried to see how far apart the employer and employee could be held without absolutely making a break, and when they had received such treatment as was extended to them by our house they could not understand it; but now they appreciate it, and do not wonder that American business houses succeed, and wonder if ours was an exclusive method. So you see after all it is this interchange of ideas along the lines of the articles you are publishing that is the great driving force that is pushing the American nation so rapidly ahead."

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